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Looking Forward

UNWITTINGLY, and from a great distance, Rebecca West, the novelist, seems to have discovered one of the reasons for the existence of this magazine.

DESCRIBING in *Harriet Hume*, the indignation of Arnold Condorex, politician hero, over Harriet's faculty for making him put his nose on the grindstone of facts, Miss West thus ironically pictures Condorex's irritation at Harriet: "Let her burn. Let the witch burn. For she had come between him and every human being's right not to know quite what he was doing."

ALTHOUGH Miss West is probably unaware of it, (we speak modestly), one of the aims and ambitions of this magazine is to know precisely, without sentimentality or hypocrisy, what human beings (including ourselves) are doing; and in particular what those of America's citizens who really matter think they are doing. For it is a fact that the individual mind is often so preoccupied with the huge business of winning that the larger truth itself is neglected—to the detriment of lasting progress or happiness; either of the individual or the nation.

IT IS FOR this reason that many of our leading articles are printed. To paraphrase the words of the popular song: "We may be wrong, but—" We should like to examine. The subject may be education in the South, or our aims and necessities at the coming Naval Limitation Conference in London; it may range from the University of Pittsburgh's attempt to combine business with learning, to a critical portrait of Senator Reed of Pennsylvania. In every case, our aim is the same: A truthful, informative picture of our modern life, presented for the good of us all.

THIS, we presume, can be called realism—or a kind of modern spiritual accounting department. In our view, as in Miss West's, the business of life requires some such foundation. The Outlook and Independent is trying to supply it at the present moment to considerably over 90,000 families.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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The Lady's Friend

THE FIRST BALL

Will the revival of femininity in fashion mean a return to the manners of the past?

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Outlook
and Independent
December 11, 1929

What Chance Has Mrs. Jones?

The Evolution of a Style

By MARGARET HARLAND

This contribution to the great long-or-short-skirts controversy was prepared after the writer had done a good reporter's job: disregarded opinion and looked for facts. It appears, as a consequence, that women are wearing them. It also appears, so highly organized is the business of style, that they have no alternative. "Besides," says Miss Harland, "women were ready for a change"

EVERYTHING but the tail-spin of the market has been offered in explanation of the high-waisted, long-skirted dresses now a familiar part of the American scene. "Their inspiration is modern rhythm," proclaims one fashion oracle. "They represent the return of Romanticism," croons another. A third grows soft over "the revival of femininity."

Stripped of the fancy philosophy which the couturiers throw in for good measure, just as a dealer sells you an anecdote with that antique needle-work bell pull, the reason for the change is fundamentally this: The old mode was wrung dry. Wrung dry from the wearer's viewpoint, far drier from the designer's. Everything that could be done with the packing-box silhouette had been done. Moreover, women could, and many of them did, wear one costume straight through the day and even straight through two seasons. Business was falling off. There was but one answer—new styles, styles so new and so different that the old ones would have to be scrapped. The fashion-wise saw the change coming long ago. When rumors began to fly that the high priests of Paris had had their worst season in years, they knew the time was at hand.

Paris said its say in August, laughing up its sleeve at its little joke on those modern women who like to brag about their emancipation as symbolized by short skirts and short hair. Paris said its say and sat back to listen. Instantly, America responded with an outcry over the long skirt menace louder than anything since the outcry over the short skirt menace.

Amid the wails of pain and protest came the plaintive questions: "How did this happen? Who put it over on us?" To answer that, one must examine a complex machine.

At first glance, it looks like a merry-go-round. "Consumer acceptance," in the jargon of the trade, means everything. But does it? The American consumer, in the present case, happens to want the new styles; even if she did not, she would be quite helpless. She can take what the stores offer, or design her own clothes. The stores are quite helpless. They can offer the new dresses from the manufacturers, or risk a disastrous markdown on the old. The manufacturers are quite helpless. They must take their cue from Paris.

Is Paris, then, the source of all our troubles? It is. Are the leading Parisian couturiers, Patou, Chanel, Vionnet, Louiseboulanger, Lanvin and the rest responsible? They are, in large part; for the rest, a handful of notably smart Continental women must answer. Argument over which group makes style is the hen-egg controversy all over again. The creators create, but not until the woman of recognized chic has spoken do they know whether their latest morning glory is destined to wither on the vine or blossom beautifully on Fifty-Seventh Street, New York, and thereafter, and less beautifully, on all the Main Streets in the land.

The evolution of a style begins with some new idea in the air. It gets talked about. A creative designer transforms it into a tangible, visible thing. His adventurous customers try it out. It becomes a fashion, subject, at once, to endless modification.

As far back as 1925, Louiseboulanger began tampering with the prevailing straight-line silhouette. Puffs and butterfly bows and slightly moulded bodices gave her evening gowns a distinguishing femininity. The same year, Lanvin won the heart of every woman who fancies herself in a picture frock by bringing out the *robe de style*, high-waisted, bouffant and very long. It was a smashing hit. From that time there has been a gradual breakdown of the boyish mode, culminating in its utter collapse last summer.

It was the astute Jean Patou who delivered the knock-out. This debonair, handsome young-man-about-the-Continent returned from active service in the War to establish a house which immediately took, and has consistently held, high place. Frocks for flappers, he decided, were as outmoded as the flapper herself. The élégante ought to have clothes so exquisite they could not be promiscuously copied. So saying, he sent up a trial balloon last winter, showing a few dresses definitely high as to waist, definitely long as to skirt,

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definitely moulded as to silhouette. Though most American buyers ignored them, though this country serenely went its short-skirted way, smart women on the Continent hailed them with cheers.

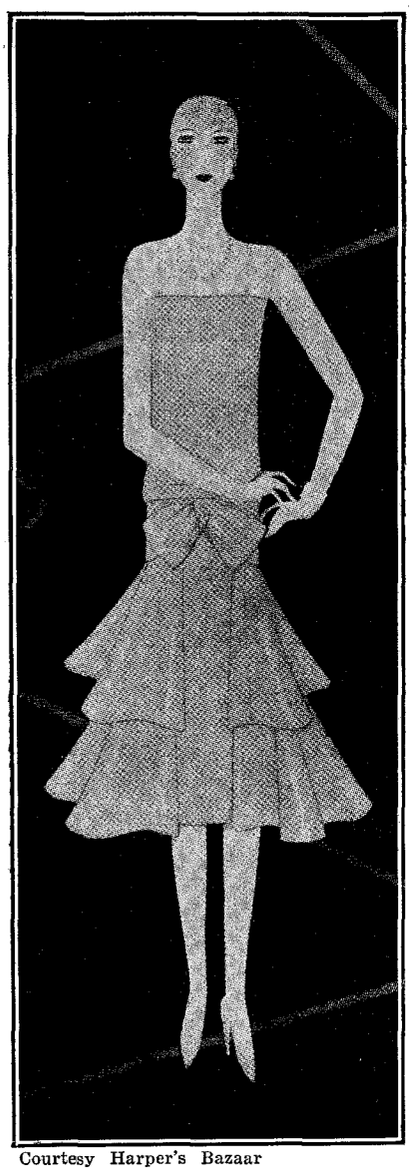
Finding the freaks of his early collection the prima donnas, Patou went the whole way in August and showed freaks alone. The other houses had not been blind to his success; as they always do in such cases, they strung along. Chanel, beloved of all America for her youthful creations, (one exquisite little New York lady, aged seventy-five, will wear nothing else) had neglected the handwriting on the wall in her spring collection and had a poor season. She was ready in August with the newest of the new. You see them everywhere now.

The one conspicuous holdout was Captain Molyneux. He kept the skirts of his models short; women liked them, he said, and women no longer meekly did as they were told by designers. His words were comforting to American revoltees. They were printed, reprinted and widely quoted. Alas, they sound a trifle silly now. For the gallant Captain soon gave in. His mid-season opening in October revealed complete surrender.

Two weeks before the August openings the doughboys of fashion mobilized in Paris. The Cafe de la Paix echoed with the accent of Seventh Avenue; saucers climbed high on little sidewalk tables. Buyers from all over the world, designers and stylists and fashion writers were in town, prepared for light labor and heavy fun. They had to forget fun when the couturiers opened fire. Buyers could no longer pass up those outlandish models. Except for Molyneux, the houses were showing nothing else. Often it was midnight before the exhausted ones tottered back to their hotels after a frantic day of choosing models and getting them off on the first boat. Models selected the second day had to await the second boat, and so on. Between the competition and the confusion over the new lines, the poor buyers had a terrible time of it.

Stylists rushed off to the Biarritz testing ground to see what members of the group reverently referred to as the Famous Forty were doing with the new silhouette. Reports were flashed to this country, stating they loved it. Never before had there been such heavy purchasing; orders for twelve and fourteen frocks at a time were common.

The Famous Forty, in case you haven't heard, is a group of women of many nationalities, French, American, South American, English and Russian, who pursue dressing as a major art. They are on parade the year around and they know it. Consequently, they devote to their appearance the thought and effort a man puts into his career. So quickly does their indorsement



Courtesy Harper's Bazaar

1928

establish a style that couturiers are said to dress many of them at cut rates. Fashion scouts, armed with notebooks and pencils, shadow them relentlessly at the Ritz Thursday dinners in Paris, at the Opera and the Grande Semaine, at Cannes and Deauville. Says the head of a Paris fashion service, who limits the number of real leaders to twenty-five: "What one of these women does may become style. What a few of them do is likely to be style. What the majority of them do is sure to be—and style which imposes itself upon millions of women over the world."

America has no group so renowned as this, but in every city there are famously well-dressed women who are sure to be watched and imitated. In New York the fashion hounds never stop looking at Mrs. Harrison Williams, Mrs. Carroll Carstairs, Mrs. George Sloane and Mrs. Harry Curtis. Three actresses who have a high fashion rating both off and on the stage are Lynn Fontanne, Gertrude Lawrence, and Ina Claire.

Checking up on chic is a scientific business. Suppose a fashion adviser has to tell an Indiana buyer whether to stock suits or go in for dresses and separate coats. She doesn't consult her preferences or her intuition. She sends a girl to, say, the Colony at lunch time. A woman entering in a suit brings a click from the investigator's hand-size counting machine. On her results, stylist and buyer make their plans. This sort of thing, practised in all branches of the style industry, may seem fantastic, but it has a highly practical foundation. Merchandising is based on the fact that every woman wants to look like every other woman. The individualist is not considered. There are too few of her.

When the new silhouette burst forth, busy pencils jotted down notes contrasting its reception abroad and here. New York, which broadcast the news through headlines, window displays and full-page advertisements, was reported as buying more extreme versions than Paris. Many French women, came the rumor, had refused the new clothes altogether. The mid-season openings were awaited more eagerly than ever; they would show which way the wind was blowing. Now they are over, and the news is bad for those rebellious ladies who are still going about in short skirts. The fitted silhouette more than held its own; skirts, which had been swinging a jaunty nineteen inches from the floor, were fifteen inches up for daytime, fourteen for afternoon and nothing flat for evening.

But the hullaballo persists. New York's professional students of style regard it with gentle wonder. The change, they point out isn't sudden. Hems have been traveling tentatively downward, waistlines upward, in afternoon and evening dresses for more than three years. No stylist has suggested wearing trailing draperies in the subway. Skirts for daytime are a little longer, three or four inches perhaps

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but nothing to write letters to the editor about. Their view is that America rushed immediately to extremes, just as in the case of the short skirt; that newspapers overplayed the sensational details of the mode; that women became needlessly alarmed and belligerent; that evolution and modification will soon bring wearable, comfortable clothes designed in the new manner, with sharply differentiated types for different occasions.

No doubt this is the common sense attitude. It sounds very like the reassuring statements about the stock market issued by people entirely sure of themselves. But you can't expect philosophic detachment from a woman who has a closet full of dresses that are perfectly good, but unmistakably—oh, so unmistakably—last year's.

For there's the rub. Not since this business of style became a highly organized and complicated affair has such wholesale scrapping of the wardrobe been called for. The mode has changed before, but always there were one or two frocks that could be salvaged, a hem that could be taken up or let down. This time, what with the drastic change of silhouette, more intricacy of cut, and the emphasis on perfection of fit, there can be no compromise. The blow struck straight home to America's most sensitive spot, the pocketbook. No wonder that thousands of men, ordinarily indifferent to the vagaries of fashion, joined the chorus of protest.

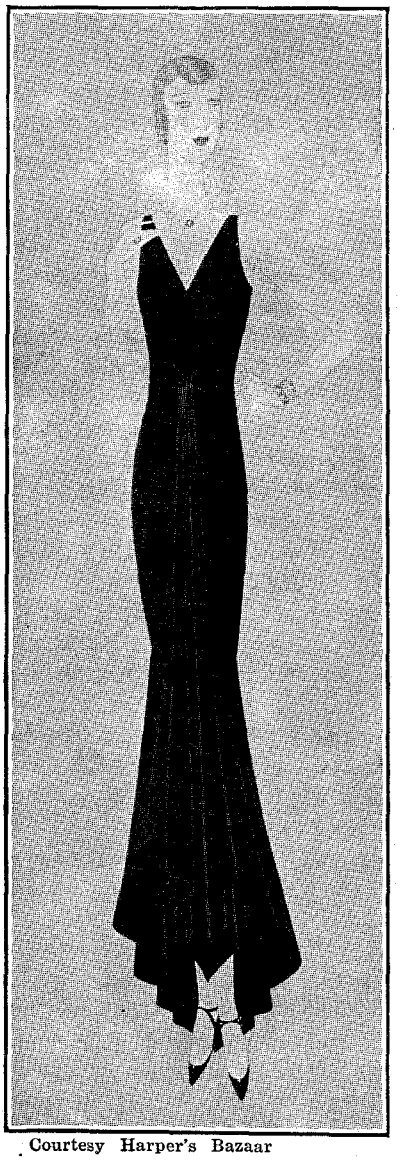
Not that you don't hear plenty of other objections. There's that question of looking older. Probably many women have been upset, as was the hostess at a recent party whose friends told her the new dress added ten years to her age; she retired in tears and put on an old one. There's the vexing, inescapable matter of corsets. There's the fact, particularly irritating to the business woman, that one costume can no longer carry her equally well through a day in the office, tea and dinner.

There are, in short, so many valid objections to the new mode, and they have been so thoroughly aired, that you might expect to see embattled womanhood, for once, put Paris in its place. But are you seeing it? You are not.

Why not?

Because, alas for outraged feminists, alas for grumpy husbands, the darn things look so fine! Because women were ready for a change; and, finally, because the charms of the new styles have been drummed up from coast to coast by the highest pressure kind of sales promotion.

From the scented salons of Fifty-Seventh Street, from the brisk ready-to-wear floors of department stores, from bedlam bargain basements comes the same story: women will buy nothing but the new clothes. Many of them



Courtesy Harper's Bazaar

1929

started out determined to do nothing of the kind. They tried one or two of the new frocks, though, just to see how they looked. They fell.

Consider Fifty-Seventh Street and vicinity, streets of luxury, America's center of style. Here, first of all in this country, the acceptance or rejection of a new mode registers.

"The new silhouette has been definitely accepted by young and old," said one of the best known designers. "Those who rebelled at first sight changed their minds as soon as they saw themselves in the new clothes. We sell nothing else, and we do not find them coming back for alteration." The same tale may be heard in almost any elegant fitting room.

Incidentally, the notion that a wealthy woman loses sleep over the knowledge that $25-a-week toilers are wearing cheap versions of her costly dress is contrary to fact. Remember the little Chanel dress with the cap sleeves and ragged pique collar and cuffs which became such an immediate Ford? It was featured by Best's in New York at $65, and "adaptations" were to be found at $29.50 and $12.75; yet all the time the custom made department of an uptown shop was unable to fill orders fast enough. Their price was $195! The Agnes turban made one of the fastest hops on record to a $2 price tag, but its sale at $25 and upward continued unabated in loftier preserves.

Best and Company is a store that caters especially to youth. It has acquired an enviable style reputation, thanks largely to the energetic and intelligent activity of Miss Mary Lewis. Says Miss Lewis: "From the time of the Paris openings, all our orders for the old silhouette were cancelled. The orders were not large because we knew the change was coming. We have only new things in stock and every department affected is doing far more business than at this time last year. I think the new styles are here for some time, but we'll see them modified and simplified."

"Do they wear the new silhouette?" asked Macy's in a recent advertisement, and answered: "Yes—they do. Arguers pro and con the new fashions might just as well save their breath to cool their porridge. When a woman tries on a fashion and discovers that she looks charming in it, she is going to wear it despite editorial approbation or femininist denunciation or couturier counsel." The advertisement quotes figures from the Better Dress Shop, showing that when the new dresses were offered, they constituted 53.8 per cent of sales the first week; ten weeks later they constituted 96.4 per cent. This particular shop of Macy's is patronized both by women of moderate means and the rich-but-thrifty.

So much for New York. What of the rest of the country? *Women's Wear,* which delves into these matters

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André Tardieu, Pro-American

By T. R. YBARRA

PERHAPS, when these lines appear in print, André Tardieu will no longer be Premier of France. No matter. For years before he assumed the Premiership last month, he was known as France's Coming Man. And, even if the government headed by him proves to have been short-lived, he will remain a Coming Man, unless every sign in the French political heavens proves to be a delusion.

It seems a safe bet to assume that he will be a prominent figure in French politics for many a day to come. And that is a fact of enormous interest to Americans.

For André Tardieu, more than any other leading figure in French political life, is known as pro-American. Not only that—he is even considered as actually Americanized—too much of an American, to qualify as a genuinely French Frenchman. One enemy even leveled at him a word used in Europe to damn Americans beyond hope of redemption. "Tardieu," averred this particular opponent of his, "is—*standardized!*"

Tardieu's future career in French politics will doubtless be determined largely by whether he remains steadfast in his pro-Americanism and in one other direction—that of unswerving adherence to the Treaty of Versailles. "Pro-United States and pro-Versailles"—that sums up the André Tardieu of yesterday and today. Will it sum up the André Tardieu of tomorrow?

His pro-Americanism is nothing skin-deep or opportunist. He absorbed it right here on American soil and it has colored his whole life ever since.

Sent to the United States as French High Commissioner during the War (in 1917), he did not allow the stupendous job which he did for France at that time to prevent him from thoroughly understanding America and Americans and, what is more, from letting their outlook blend with his outlook as a Frenchman into something rare among Europeans and eminently calculated to be of aid in meeting and solving the problems of the post-war world.

Tardieu sailed back from America to France a new man. He proceeded to write several books about the New World, in every one of which he showed grasp and understanding of Americans and their ways of thought. And he became the right-hand man of another Frenchman who had spent many days on these shores, who married an American wife, and who—though he remained one hundred per cent French—proved his ability to co-operate with Americans in war even if not in peace.

Georges Clémenceau was that man. Tardieu served him faithfully for years. And it fell to Tardieu, as French Premier, to pronounce the official tribute of the French government to Clémenceau, as the Grand Old Man of France lay dead a few blocks away.

When Tardieu faced the French Chamber for the first time, as Premier, he broke with French tradition and proved to the hilt the genuineness of his pro-Americanism by wearing an ordinary business suit. Some thought the heavens would fall. They didn't, though. Tardieu "got away with it."

Unperturbed by the surprise in some of the eyes before him, he launched into his maiden speech as Premier—unemotional, like all his speeches, a business man's report to business associates on matters of business. Oh, André Tardieu is distinctly a Frenchman for Americans to watch!

And what of André Tardieu, champion *par excellence* of the Versailles Treaty?

Many observers of politics, French and non-French, asked that question when the disciple of Clémenceau started on his arduous task as Premier—on that double task of heading a French government and maintaining it in power, which, as one witty commentator has put it, is akin to "trying to keep house in a revolving door!" For years Tardieu insisted that the Treaty of Versailles must be observed not only in spirit but to the letter. Often he attacked Aristide Briand as being too lukewarm in his attitude toward the drastic document which Germany was forced to sign in 1919. Nay, Tardieu even assailed Raymond Poincaré, looked upon by the average man all over the world as the doughtiest champion of "Versailles to the letter!" In the days when the air was full of the Spirit of Locarno, when the Dove of Peace seemed to have taken the place in France of the Napoleonic Eagles, Tardieu sat in the background, growling: "The Treaty of Versailles! must be fulfilled!"

Since then, however, he has shown signs of being less uncompromising. It would not be at all surprising if he should drop more and more of his intransigence in the matter of Versailles and fall into line with those desirous of forgetting both the War and the first post-war era.

Tardieu is fifty-three years old, so he may reasonably expect many years more of political activity. An interesting thing about him is that four years ago, when defeated for re-election to the French Chamber, he announced in disgust that he was "through." No more politics for him!—he would retire to lead a quiet, contemplative life, he declared. Nor did the announcement seem an empty one, for André Tardieu is no one-track mind. He likes art and literature; he is a jolly companion to a host of friends; he appreciates the good things of the table and smacks his lips knowingly after a swallow of good wine. There seemed plenty in life for him besides politics.

Yet, within a year after his "retirement," he was back in the fight. Life on the side-lines was no life for a man who had fought uncounted battles in the arena of French journalism, who had been taught and tested by Clémenceau the Tiger. Having presented himself once more as a candidate, Tardieu was overwhelmingly re-elected to the French Chamber of Deputies. Soon after he took his seat Poincaré offered him a Cabinet post. He took it. Since then there has been no more talk from him about "retirement."

"Shall I remain pro-American? Shall I remain pro-Versailles?" Often must André Tardieu ask himself those questions. There must be strong temptation to answer the first in the affirmative for the man who told his fellow-countrymen in one of his books on America: "Don't borrow American dollars. Borrow American idealism. Borrow American love of achievement." And, regarding the second question, if André Tardieu answers "Yes" to it, even those who disapprove most thoroughly of such an attitude must bear in mind that he is the man who actually wrote with his own hand a good part of the Treaty of Versailles.

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The Value of a Man

By JOHN CARTER

Henry Ford and the author have an almost identical explanation for recent financial history. It is, that nearly everything in this country is too high, except the wages of the man who works. Mr. Ford's remedy is the theoretically simple one of higher wages and lower prices. The author argues that human values are ignored in estimating our national income, and he offers some pertinent suggestions for an economic evaluation at once more realistic and more humane. Mr. Carter is in the Department of State

WE ARE THE most efficient people in the world. We say so ourselves. We can point to the staggering totals of our industrial and agricultural production, to the compact organization of our transportation system, to our marvellous utilization of mechanical energy, to our inventiveness, our resourcefulness, our wealth and our power. On the other hand, it did not need a panic in Wall Street to indicate that, basically, all is not well with our system of economics. For some years there has been a gathering body of criticism of our statistical substitutes for prosperity and of our scientific substitutes for happiness. The Secretary of Labor recently announced that nine-tenths of us live in poverty. The unemployment question has been shoved out of sight so resolutely that today it is impossible to obtain a precise idea of the number of men who are out of work. The increased productivity of our factories has gone hand in hand with a decrease in the number of industrial workers and a decline in the price of manufactured articles which approximate the characteristic symptoms of unemployment. The time is rapidly approaching when it will be necessary once for all to decide whether mass-production was made for America or America made for mass-production. The time for consideration of the humanization of industry is at hand.

Doubtless we shall be told that such notions are communistic poppy-cock. The tenets of economic determinism will be enshrined as American shibboleths. The argument that "what is, is best" will be worked for all it is worth—and it is worth a lot—and we will be advised to take comfort in our "favorable" trade balance, our gold reserves and the rising tide of American foreign investments. But favorable trade balances and foreign investments don't help a man who is looking for work and the enormous gold reserves accumulated by the Federal Reserve System don't help him pay his grocer's bills.

The fact is—to put it succinctly—that our economic system works, only because we want it to work and not because it isn't cock-eyed. We are floundering among a forest of absurdities and paradoxes which have hitherto defied cure and which can be modified only by the commonsense of the human race. So long as the great calamity which threatens us is *over-production*, so long as the possession of a superabundance of all the things we need—food, clothing, shelter, automobiles, radios, frigidaires, cocktail shakers and chewing gum—means that men must be deprived of the employment which would enable them to purchase the food, clothing and shelter which they have created for their own use, so long as our system of distribution automatically links plenty with penury, there is no sense in taking any stand-pat economist seriously. We are in the position of the Italian laborer of the smoking-room story, who had so many children that, when he took his family in the street car, he couldn't find a seat for himself. Our efficiency has turned against us and far from being a national asset bids fair to become a national calamity unless some humanizing technique can intercede between the production and consumption of our abundant national wealth.

> "In this country the purchasing power of the people has been practically used up and still they have not been able to buy all that they must have. I therefore suggest the need of increasing the purchasing power of our principal customers—the American people. This may be done in two ways. First, by putting additional value into goods or reducing prices to the level of actual values and, second, starting a movement to increase the general wage level. Nearly everything in this country is too high priced. The only thing that should be high priced in this country is the man who works. Wages must not come down, they must not even stay on their present level; they must go up. And even that is not sufficient of itself—we must see to it that the increased wages are not taken away from our people by increased prices that do not represent increased values. The country gains no benefit by letting the working man earn an extra hundred dollars and then taking it away from him again in increased rents and a rise in prices generally. To make wages better and keep prices down requires that business men come back into business—as many are doing since the stocks came down." From Henry Ford's press statement of November 22, 1929.

The purpose of this article is not to propose a solution but to indicate the necessity for one, to plead the case for industrial humanization rather than to anticipate the verdict. The contemplation of paradoxes is the only way known to the solution of riddles. Here, in a nut-shell, is the problem. Since 1920 we have experienced a new industrial revolution. Its roots go back to before the War, but the full force of the upheaval has come since the Armistice. In the nine years since the last census our population has increased by about 14,000,000. We have an excess of births over deaths of about 800,000 a year; 250,000 to 300,000 immigrants a year remain within our borders. Our population is, therefore, increasing at the rate of over a million a year. Since the Armistice, employment in agriculture, industry and transportation has decreased about 10 per cent. Since 1923, employment has decreased 6 per cent, and the industrial payroll about 2 per cent. Since 1923, employment has decreased in the textile, metals, lumber, leather, stone, clay, glass, tobacco, and vehicle trades—in some cases, by more than 10 per cent. Only in the food products, paper and chemical industries has there been an increased employment, and in no case has this increase been greater than 4 per cent. While it is true that in 1914 we had 7,036,000 workers employed in industry, and in 1928 we had

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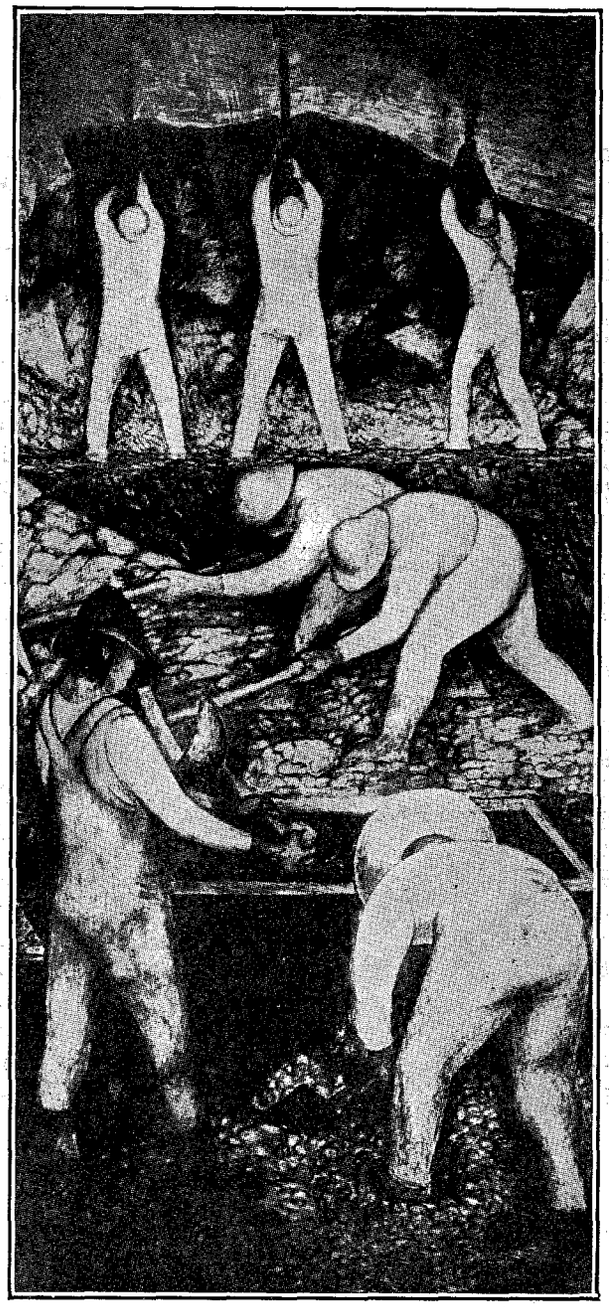
8,353,000 workers—an increase of 18.7 per cent—during the same period the total population increased 30 per cent, the values added by manufacture nearly 180 per cent, while the hours of work have decreased 10 per cent. In brief, less than 20 per cent more workers, working 10 per cent less time, have increased the value of their products by 180 per cent and their average weekly earnings by 218 per cent in the fifteen years since the outbreak of the War. The lower age group required in mass-production is partly responsible for this drop in employment. At the same time the economies of mass-production are being offset by the rising cost of distribution. Wholesale prices are 40 per cent higher, retail food prices 55 per cent higher and the cost of living 70 per cent higher than in 1914. The number of commercial failures occasioned by them has also doubled in this interesting period. The explanation of this situation lies in machinery. In 1925, the annual report of the Secretary of Labor remarked upon "the present over-developed state of some of our larger industries. Our productive machinery and equipment in many of these industries cannot run 300 days in the year without producing a stock that cannot be sold in this country nor in any or all other countries." Efficiency? Yes, if it is efficient to possess the capacity to produce far more than you can distribute and to substitute machinery for men regardless of the fact that you rely upon men to buy industrial products.

At any rate, that is what is happening in industry. As compared with 1914, industry's personnel with 18 per cent more workers, is producing 20 per cent more coal, 23 per cent more pig iron, 50 per cent more copper, 64 per cent more steel ingots and castings, 260 per cent more refined petroleum, 4100 per cent more electric power and 8200 per cent more automobiles. The productivity of labor as a whole has increased about 60 per cent. The individual worker in every industry is guilty of a greater per capita output. And there is a chronic unemployment of about 10 per cent with a drop of 10 per cent in general employment since 1923. Efficient? Yes. We have approximately the same proportion of unemployed as the efficient Nordics in Germany, England, Norway, Sweden, Australia and New Zealand. Such inefficient and frivolous peoples as the Belgians, Swiss, and French seem to have little difficulty in finding work for their people. Paradox No. 1.



MINERS

A fresco by Diego Rivera. This illustration and the one on the succeeding page are reproduced from "The Frescoes of Diego Rivera" published by Harcourt, Brace & Co.

Then there are the farmers who have been clamoring for relief. They are the victims of the same kind of efficiency which is getting rid of the factory workers and dumping huge quantities of cheaper goods on the market, without seeing to it that the market gets the money to buy them. Since 1914—it is important to remember—the population has increased 30 per cent. In the same period the farm population has increased 4 per cent. The number of farms has increased by 1/10 of 1 per cent and the improved acreage by 6 per cent, although the total farm acreage has actually decreased. Fewer farms are now operated by their owners, more farms are mortgaged (over a third of all farm property in the United States is mortgaged), although this in itself may be only evidence of wiser farm financing, and more tenant farmers are employed in agriculture. Our farmers, thanks to Mr. Ford, maintain 27 per cent fewer horses than they had in 1910; they also have fewer cattle and sheep. They have somehow managed to get a bushel more of wheat and corn to the acre but, thanks to the boll-weevil, nearly forty pounds less cotton to the acre. Just the same, they are able to produce 30 per cent more wheat, 4 per cent more corn, 4 per cent more cotton, 70 per cent more pork and lard and 14 per cent more beef and veal, with about the same acreage and personnel they had before the War. And the value of their crops is 85 per cent greater. On the other hand, the farmer's market is not increasing at a rate equal to that of industry, because the farmer's market is completely absorbed (since everybody must eat) and can grow only as the population grows. There is, broadly speaking, no limit to the number of automobiles, shoes, collars, fountain pens and neckties which John D. Rockefeller, Jr., can buy, but there is a very definite gastronomic limit to the amount of food he can eat, even if he ignores his doctor's advice and makes no attempt to preserve his figure.

Efficiency? Of course. But how does it happen that farm relief is the outstanding political and economic issue of the day, eclipsing even the tariff in importance? How does it happen that half a billion dollars of Government money and the shrewdest brains in American agronomics are being used to organize agriculture on a basis of

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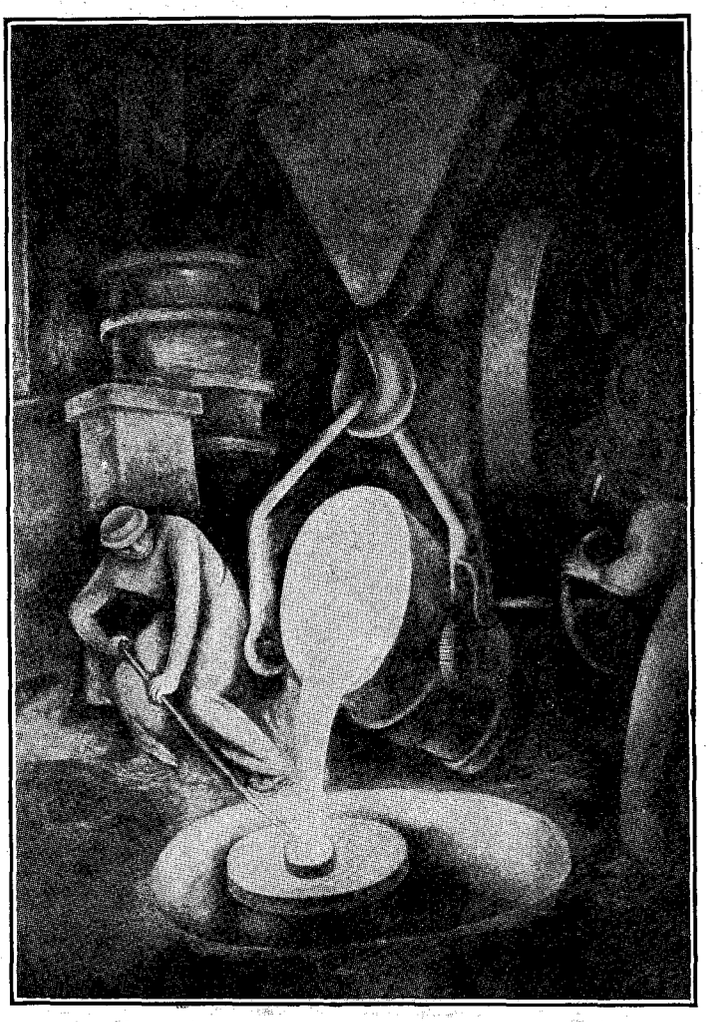
"parity" with industry. How does it happen that the total acreage of farm land is decreasing, that farm population is nearly stationary, and that with a slowly improving market for farm products the farmer is feverishly engaged in increasing his production. Paradox No. 2.

Transportation is the most inspiriting illustration of American business genius that exists. No other economic field has produced so many men of the stamp of Vanderbilt, Gould, Harriman, and Hill—to mention only defunct captains of industry. Since 1910 our railway trackage has increased from 351,767 miles to 421,341 miles. In the same period the number of railway employees has increased by less than 40,000 men from 1,699,420 to 1,737,342—and their average annual salary from $673 to $1,676. The yearly number of freight ton miles has increased over 75 per cent, from 255 million to 447 million, while the freight charges per mile have increased 50 per cent. The passenger miles have gone up from thirty-two to thirty-five million, but the passenger fares have increased 125 per cent and the number of passengers carried has decreased from over 975 million to less than 875 million a year—a drop of 10 per cent. The number of unserviceable locomotives and freight cars has been reduced by a quarter in the last four years. The number of freight car miles per day has gone up 10 per cent in the same period. Fewer passengers are being hauled greater distances for more money and rates are rising steadily. Efficient? Of course it is efficient—if it is efficient to increase costs to the consumer while effecting economies in operation. Paradox No. 3.

And what of humanity in this economic chaos? With industrial and agricultural employment stationary or declining and with bigger and better machines to do the work, how are we to find means of distributing the produce of our machinery to the people they have displaced? Foreign trade is one answer. For the last ten years we have enjoyed an average "favorable" trade balance of over a billion dollars a year. That means that we have sent a billion dollars worth of goods outside of this country without receiving economic repayment. Our bankers have been lending the value of these goods to foreigners and now hold the promissory notes of half the world. This export of capital has largely taken the form of American branch factories abroad and of financing European factories. This simply multiplies production and intensifies industrial competition without solving the problem of distribution. Foreign trade is an economic outlet for *surplus*-products, not a solution of *over*-production. Natural resources and, to a lesser extent, native ability determine the commodities which one nation can produce better than another. Coffee grows best in Brazil; the French make the best perfume; the damp English climate is best adapted to textile manufacture, Australia has the largest supply of "marginal" lands for sheep-ranching; we have the industrial power and raw materials best adapted to certain types of mass-production and the land and climate for growing excellent wheat and cotton. We have large natural deposits of copper and petroleum. It is the interchange of these surplus national products which creates foreign trade. On the other hand, attempts to get rid of goods which can be produced equally well or better in other lands, by export, simply leads to "dumping," to tariff barriers, and sooner or later defeats its own end. If Czechoslovakia and the United States can each make all the shoes the world needs, it stands to reason that the United States cannot alone expect to manufacture all the shoes in the world, and that eventually she will have to share the world market and curtail her own production. Because we ourselves make more things than we want or can dispose of we are equipping the rest of the world to manufacture still more of these things. Paradox No. 4.



THE IRON FOUNDRY
A fresco by Diego Rivera

The whole matter really boils down to a question of what price humanity. Our population is, say, 120,000,000. Our national income is $90,000,000,000 and our national wealth is about $360,000,000,000. That means that we are getting 25 per cent on our money, which is absurd. If you capitalize our ninety billion dollar national income at six per cent, you get a national capital of $1,500,000,000,000—which is over a trillion dollars greater than our estimated wealth. In other words, our national income is actually based on human wealth but is measured by economic wealth.

The value of humanity now comes into question. How much is a man worth? The Department of Labor reckons the cost of raising a child in the $2,500-a-year group of Americans at a round figure of $7,238 inclusive, from zero to eighteen years. This means that a family of three children consumes half the parental income for eighteen years and that four children is the maximum possible to this group. Cost of public schoolings brings the

(Please Turn to Page 599)

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The Trend of Events

Peaks of the Message

FIRST PLACE in the President's message to Congress goes to foreign relations. Mr. Hoover approves of the Root plan, designed to get us into the World Court. He will have our signature affixed to the protocol of adherence and ask for the Senate's approval. He also recommends approval of the agreement settling the French debt to America and points out that an arrangement for regular payments to the United States is being made with Germany. He trusts that the naval disarmament conference will succeed, but —perhaps as a hint directed abroad— declares that if no international agreement can be completed we may be committed during the next six years to a $1,200,000,000 construction program. Hoping that the London meeting will permit slashes in disbursements for the navy, he favors taking a tuck in those for the army.

Such action seems doubly advisable since "it is with extreme difficulty that we shall be able to keep the expenditures for the next fiscal year within the bounds of the present year." Already the budget for the fiscal year 1931 stands at $3,830,000,000—it is $3,976,000,000 for this year—and no account has been taken of fat appropriations to be made for the Farm Board. Nevertheless, expecting a Treasury surplus of $225,000,000 at the end of this fiscal year, and perhaps of $123,000,000 at the end of next, the President advocates a provisional reduction of one per cent in taxes on incomes.

This last proposal was originally advanced after the crash on the stock market. The message sketches Mr. Hoover's several other moves to combat pessimism and expand construction. Though farm prices dipped with stock prices, he finds that the agricultural situation is improving. Congress, he recalls, disposed of an important item on its program by passing the farm-relief bill, "the most extensive action for strengthening the agricultural industry ever taken by any Government." As to the second item, the tariff, he repeats his earlier plea for "limited" revision, for revision wherever "there has been a substantial slackening of activity in an industry. . . . and a consequent decrease of employment." Congress will look in vain for specific approval or disapproval of the House tariff bill, the Senate Finance Committee bill, or the bill being evolved by the Senate coalition.

"Appoint a Committee"

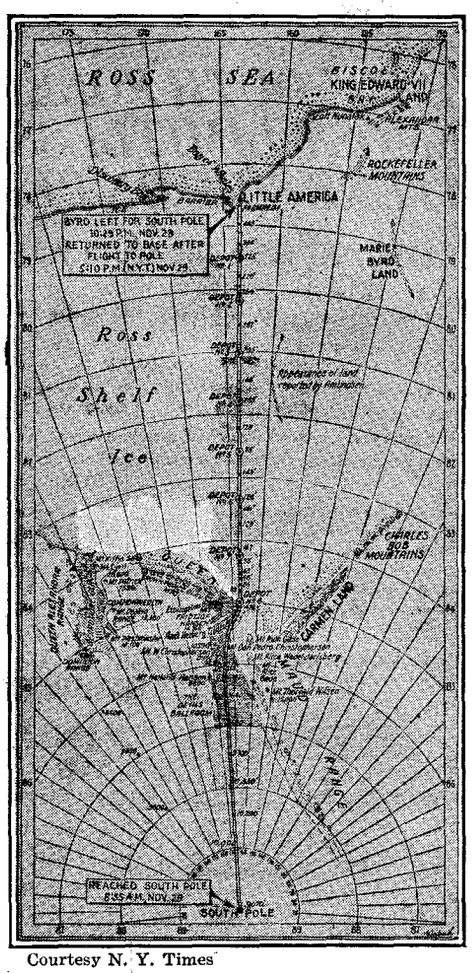
COMMISSIONS AND COMMITTEES abound in Mr. Hoover's message. In general, the President seems to believe that where there are no committees some should be appointed, and that where committees exist they should be continued.

Are our relations with Haiti unsatisfactory? "I shall dispatch a commission to Haiti to review and study the matter." Should Congress reconsider the banking law? Mr. Hoover advocates "a joint commission embracing members of the Congress and other appropriate Federal officials for subsequent report." Are the three Cabinet officers comprising the Federal Power Commission overworked? "I recommend . . . . full-time commissioners to replace them." Have the Radio Commissioners been useful? "I recommend the reorganization of the Radio Commission into a permanent body from its present temporary status." Are there disagreements over the policies the Government should pursue as to education? "I have appointed a committee. . . . to investigate and present recommendations." Are many Americans illiterate? "I have also appointed a voluntary committee. . . . to assist in a nation-wide movement for abolition of illiteracy."

Believing that Muscle Shoals should be dedicated to the farmers for experimentation on a commercial scale in agricultural chemistry, Mr. Hoover suggests that Congress create a commission to complete a contract with private interests on behalf of the Government. To consider, among related matters, the transfer to the states of public lands unreserved for power or other purposes, he has appointed a Commission on Conservation of the Public Domain. "We need some new Federal prisons," he says, "and a re-organization of our probation and parole systems; and there should be established in the Department of Justice a Bureau of Prisons. . . . to deal adequately with the growing activities of our prison institutions."

It's not all bureaus thereafter; more committees follow. The President pleads for a joint Congressional committee to deal with departmental reorganization. A little further on he points to his Commission on Law Observance and Enforcement, and urges Congress to appoint a committee to study means of furthering, and of centralizing authority for, prohibition enforcement.

Mr. Hoover is easily the champion committee-caller of this age.


ROSS SEA
BISCOE
KING EDWARD VII LAND
ROCKEFELLER MOUNTAINS
LITTLE AMERICA
BYRD LEFT FOR SOUTH POLE 10:29 P.M. NOV. 29 RETURNED TO BASE AFTER FLIGHT TO POLE 5:10 P.M. (N.Y.T.) NOV. 29
MARIE BYRD LAND
Ross Shelf Ice
CHARLES ROB MOUNTAINS
REACHED SOUTH POLE 8:55 A.M. NOV. 29
SOUTH POLE

Courtesy N. Y. Times

PATH TO THE POLE

Route followed by Commander Byrd in the plane "Floyd Bennett"

Commander Byrd

WORD PICTURES ASIDE (necessarily, since the New York *Times* reporter thought of and copyrighted all there are), it was a moment the whole world might have envied him—the moment when Commander Byrd turned his gray plane at an angle and swung around to circle the imaginary spot called the South Pole. He had flown over the North Atlantic; he is the first to fly over both North and South Poles. Once

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back in the civilization of central heating and automatic refrigerators undoubtedly he will sit spinning his library globe, finding a new place to fly to.

Two things strike the imagination in the accounts of this flight, which will stand out more importantly in the geographies of the next generation than it does in the mind of the average citizen, bent on Christmas shopping. One is the incongruity of the human beings in the Byrd expedition, chafing their frost-bitten fingers and listening to well-meant but banal radio messages from home; suffering nightmares of hardship in the effort to wrest a few more facts from this mocking and secretive desert. The other is the complete congruity (the *Times* pointed it out, of course) of the big tri-motored airplane. The swift, clean-cut machine, silvered by the sun, must have been a splendidly harmonious sight in the stark Antarctic.

The reader who has roved the *Times* since last December, when the Byrd expedition set out, has found much of interest in the Commander himself. He should be 1929's story-book hero, this slight, punctiliously-barbered Annapolis graduate, in whose veins is said to run the blood of old French nobility. Yet as a popular figure he somehow fails to catch on. Endlessly daring, perhaps he does not seem so to the American public. He is no grab-a-ham-sandwich-and-start flier. Months of minute scientific research preceded his South Pole trip; his plans were complete down to the last compass and dog biscuit. If he had to guess, the chances were he would guess right. These facts should make his adventure more, not less, glamorous; yet one does not see housewives letting the potatoes burn while they read the latest Byrd dispatches. Perhaps it is because he is subtly, aristocratically aloof. Perhaps they didn't like geography in school. Perhaps it is because he has a wife and four children.

▸▸*Big News for Bristol*

One question raised by the flight to the Pole is just how the Bristol (R. I.) *Phoenix* found type big enough to carry the news that Harold I. June had gone along as radioman. The fact that Commander Byrd chose June as one of his three companions must have made a mighty fine impression in Bristol. Warmly Bristol points to the record, which not only shows that June has been an engineer on yachts owned by Harold Vanderbilt, that he is learned in motor theory and practice, that as a naval airplane pilot he was commended for heroism, and that he has mapped the Venezuelan coast line and tested naval parachutes, but also shows that he has worked for the Herreshoffs, the famous Bristol boat builders, that he has run a ferry between Bristol and Prudence Island, and that a daughter of Bristol is his wife.

Take him for all in all, Bristol concludes, this Harold I. June is quite a

Wide World

BYRDMAN

Harold I. June, assistant pilot and radio operator on the Byrd polar flight

fellow. So convinced of this is the town that, thumbing its nose at Stamford, Connecticut, his birthplace, it has formally designated him as its dear adopted son. Going even further, it set aside a twenty-four hour period in August, 1928, and christened it Harold I. June Day. Through dances, dinners, and various public exercises in honor of its favorite it has indicated that hereafter Bristol and Harold June are to be regarded as one and indistinguishable.

Be it so. Communities of men and women, like individual men and women, are probably going to worship somebody. Bristol might have done worse than to select the young man who sent out those placid "flying well, motors fine" messages as the tri-motored Ford bucked and rocked over frightening Antarctic wastes.

▸▸*America's Grischa*

At the request of Governor Young, Calfornia's Advisory Pardon Board is investigating the case of Thomas J. Mooney, "the Sergeant Grischa of America." Whoever studies this case open-mindedly must believe that, if the Board is fair and thorough, it will find Mooney innocent of the San Francisco Preparedness Day bombing of 1916. The passage of time has broadened the conviction that Mooney did not plant the bomb which killed ten persons and injured forty others. Developments of the past few weeks may even answer the question, "If Mooney didn't, who did?"

Possibly Louis J. Smith, of Cleveland, did. Not long ago, Smith's sister, her son, and a friend of Smith declared that on his death bed seven years ago he had confessed to the crime which has kept Mooney behind the bars for thirteen years, transforming a handsome, burly, black-haired man into a pallid prisoner with white hair and sunken cheeks. Since then Smith's brother Jess has said that Louis several times told him of the bombing and also admitted that, employed as a German spy just before America entered the war, he had blown up a consignment of ammunition bound for Russia, near Seattle, Washington. It has been established that Smith was familiar with explosives, having been employed as a dynamite mixer, and that he was in San Francisco at the time of the bombing. In a letter to Senator Schall, Mooney points out that, during the San Francisco trial of German conspirators in 1916, Smith turned state's evidence and confessed that he had committed several crimes for the plotters. Mooney seems to believe that the San Francisco crime was one of many of German origin.

Whether it was or not, whether there is much or little in the story of Smith's confession, the flabbiness of the case against Mooney remains obvious.

In the circumstances but one just course lies open to the California authorities. Hosts of men and women are expecting to hear that Mooney has been granted the pardon for which during thirteen years he had fought with such high hope and courage.

▸▸*War Again, Peace Again*

If war once more has been averted in Manchuria, little credit goes to international agencies for preserving peace. Taking advantage of civil strife in China to retrieve what it lost last summer, Russia sent troops knee-deep into Manchuria, disarming the frightened Chinese armies and establishing control

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Underwood

WILL WEAR TOGA
Dwight W. Morrow slated for appointment to Senate

over a long stretch of the Chinese Eastern Railway. Scared and surprised, the Chinese Nationalist Government first bribed the provincial war lords to abandon the counter-revolution, then appealed to the League of Nations and the signatories of the Pact of Paris.

The League hesitated to act, fearing a humiliating refusal by Russia, a nonmember, to recognize its authority. As for the signatories of the Pact, last summer they had reminded China and Russia of their promise under it not to go to war and were reassured by both. Confronted by a violation of the promise, they wondered what to do next. When the American Government finally asked Russia to refrain or desist from fighting, it received from Moscow a sharp, sarcastic request to mind its own business and save its advice for some one who wanted it.

All were relieved when the Government in Mukden, asserting independence of the Nationalist Government in Nanking, negotiated a separate armistice with Moscow, agreeing "in principle" to Russian demands for restoration of the status quo of the Chinese Eastern Railway, the re-instatement of Russian managers ousted last summer, and the release of prisoners. Having gained by force what it failed to gain by long negotiations, Russia halted its troops, indicating that it was less bent on achieving a military success than on scoring a diplomatic point.

The time again seems ripe for a negotiated Sino-Russian settlement, but there can be no confidence that the trouble has ended. That Nanking will pursue the course opened by Mukden and that Mukden will itself stand by its agreement now that the shooting is over are by no means certain. At the bottom of the dispute between China and Russia is a stiff and momentous problem, that of reconciling Chinese nationalism and Russian imperialism in Manchuria. Until it is solved, no power with interests in China can rest easy.

▶▶*Morrow on the Ladder*

DWIGHT W. MORROW seems to climb as quickly and gracefully in public life as he did in law and finance. Plainly that Amherst class which picked him as the member most likely to succeed knew what it was doing. Eight days after he resigned from J. P. Morgan and Company in the fall of 1927, he was preparing to become Ambassador to Mexico. Arriving in Mexico City, he had an idea involving an aviator named Lindbergh. Our relations with Mexico, previously taut, eased as the southern Republic noted the new Ambassador's sympathetic and conciliatory attitude; they grew almost pleasant as Lindbergh flew across the Rio Grande, scattering well-advertised good-will. Incidentally, that is how Mr. Morrow acquired as son-in-law a man who has ability and popularity of his own.

Taking time off from settling the controversy between Mexico and this country over oil lands, the Ambassador, it is said, has helped Presidents Calles and Gil answer several domestic questions with which Washington is little concerned, notably the conflict between state and church. At the beginning of the Hoover Administration his achievements might have been recognized by appointment to the Court of St. James's had that position appealed to him. Recently he was made a delegate to the forthcoming naval disarmament conference in London. When he returns from that mission, it is now announced, he will sooner or later be named to complete the unexpired term of Senator Edge of New Jersey, who has become Ambassador to France.

Sure of being appointed to the Senate, he has an excellent chance of being elected to it next year. One rung remains unclimbed, the Presidency. It may not be generally known that many Republican leaders wondered whether Morrow might not be a shining choice should the Kansas City convention fail to nominate Herbert Hoover.

Mr. Morrow may be not only an arrival but a comer. His understanding, his appetite for facts and figures, and his capacity for work will be remembered in Mexico. His prospects will be hotly discussed, his words and actions will be narrowly studied, in Washington.

▶▶*Figs from News Thistles*

TAKEN FROM DAY TO DAY, life may be a monochrome affair with little to recommend it. Every now and again, however, something important happens.

Thus the fox-hunt wedding in Fairfield, Connecticut. Dressed in the nobbiest of riding habits, the happy hunters (who, perhaps, saw an English couple doing the same thing in the newsreels not long ago) took their vows at the bride's country home and a moment after were in their stirrups. The bridegroom, master of the hounds at

Wide World

STEP OFF
Marjorie Klinger and Donald Babcock who married in airplane over Roosevelt field

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the local hunt club, wound his horn (presumably); the wedding guests leaped to horse and every one rode off to hunt. The bride and bridegroom plan to go South, later on, for a hunting honeymoon.

This, aside from events in Manchuria, is the most interesting thing we have read about in several days. Unless it was the airplane wedding, in which the bride and bridegroom, after shouting "I do" above the thundering motors, rushed to the doorway, leaped out, and by the grace of good luck and their parachutes, were reunited 2,100 feet below. Which, aside from Byrd's polar flight, is the most interesting aviation news since the Danville, Virginia, father jumped from a balloon with his four-year-old son and a parachute strapped to his back. Which, aside from Hoover's message to Congress, is the most interesting news of any kind since, in Florida, by careful premeditation, the first child to be born in an airplane was born in an airplane and the citizens of Miami solemnly discussed coining for the infant an appropriate name.

▶▶*Crime School*

By the time the celebrated St. Valentine's Day gang massacre is a year old, Chicago will have a full-fledged school of crime detection. First of its kind in the country, the school will be affiliated with Northwestern University. It embodies the protest of Chicago business men, who, bored and disgusted by the fruitless official investigation of the massacre, determined to improve police work in Chicago, keep their project free from politics, and pay the bills themselves.

At the head of the school will be Major Calvin H. Goddard, ballistics expert, whom the business men dispatched last summer to study crime detection methods in Europe. He has just returned with a bulky report, which, with the results of the work in his New York laboratory, will form the basis for research and teaching in Chicago.

Major Goddard found Europe far ahead of America in scientific police work. European Police Chiefs, he says, are often Ph.D.'s; the heads of police science laboratories are frequently both doctors of science and doctors of medicine. The methods of Philo Vance and other fictional sleuths pale beside those of European specialists, who restore serial numbers filed from automobiles, and make studies of ink, of glass fractures, of pigments and canvases, of soils, even of fingernail scrapings, which are sometimes full of clues. The school will include, of course, a ballistics bureau, where examination of discharged bullets may reveal the makes of weapons used and other pertinent details.

Whether or not Chicago gangsters are tossing uneasily on their pillows, the Chicago business men unquestionably are doing things up right. They have guaranteed a fund large enough to support the school for at least five years. Their enterprise may lead to sorely needed reforms in police methods of other cities also.

▶▶*Two Smash Hits*

Two simple, inestimably powerful stories—*All Quiet on the Western Front* and *Journey's End*. Arriving ten years after the War, they are the more valuable, for they reach, in America especially, a generation, now adult, which knew of the War but vaguely. They are the work of unpracticed and hitherto unknown authors. Both are capable of being more far-reaching arguments for peace than any propounded around a conference table. Both were written, not to spread propaganda, but because their authors had something which required saying. Both are immensely successful. Some 285,000 copies of Remarque's book, which has been translated into eighteen languages, have been sold in America; some two million copies in the world.

R. C. Sherriff, author of *Journey's End*, has likewise scaled the pinnacle. Five companies are playing *Journey's End* in America, four in the British Empire. The play, which Sherriff originally wrote for presentation by an amateur theatrical society, is also running in France, Germany, Sweden, Poland, and Greece. It is rumored that Sherriff is rewriting it as a novel. It is also rumored that, at New Year's, King George will confer a knighthood on him in recognition of his contribution to the cause of peace. And now, just to round things out, he is being sued for plagiarism.

Katharine M. B. Sherman, a New York "writer of dramatic composition, short war stories, and novelties for children," vows that *Journey's End* owes much, $200,000 in fact, to her War play, *Flags and Flowers*. She said so some months ago, in a pamphlet distributed outside the Prince of Wales Theatre in London, where *Journey's End* first appeared; now she is saying it with affidavits. She declares that after *Flags and Flowers* had made, unsuccessfully, the rounds of producers' offices, she was put to the trouble of having a plagiarized version, *The Sacred Flame*,

Vandamm

JOURNEY'S END

Scene from R. C. Sherriff's play which is enjoying world-wide popularity

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SINGING IN THE RAIN
Will Mahoney, of Earl Carroll's "Sketch Book," doing Mammy parody

withdrawn in New York, and that, out of this second play, *Journey's End* was "snatched."

Mr. Sherriff's answer is that he wrote his play in England and with no view of putting it on professionally. He says he has never heard of *Flags and Flowers*. But he need not object to accusations of plagiarism. They are inevitable symbols of success.

▶▶*As to Mammies*

ALDOUS HUXLEY, erudite and capricious flaw-picker, went to the talkies, heard some "Mammy" songs, and was not amused. He has written an essay, which appears in his newly-published book, wherein he denounces all impassioned yearnings after "Dixie and the Land Where Skies are Blue and Dreams Come True," after "Granny and Tennessee and You"—denounces them as only Huxley can.

"How was it possible," he exclaims, "that human emotions intrinsically decent could be so ignobly parodied? I felt like a man who, having asked for wine, is offered a brimming bowl of hogwash. And not even fresh hogwash." He says a great deal more, but what it amounts to is that he regards as neither admirable nor sincere such outpourings of filial love, of nostalgia for Tennessee, Alabama, and other states as are voiced in Mammy songs. He finds the whole business banal and offensive.

Never for a moment questioning Mr. Huxley's judgment in seeking musical wine at the talkies, we perceive a wrong which needs prompt righting. For our part, we have never heard a Mammy singer, whatever his nationality or antecedents, whom we did not believe to be perfectly sincere. We have seen many tears stream down Al Jolson's blackened face; never a crocodile one. We believe that nothing save the necessity of staying on the job prevents Jolson and his imitators from hopping that five-fifteen, all aboard for Dixie's skies serene, to rest and rest on Mammy's breast, she's the one they love the best. As for Will Mahoney and his Mammy parody, in which he stands in pouring rain protesting his undying love for sunny Southern skies and Mammy's eyes, pies, lullabies, or something of the sort—we know that in his inmost heart (apart, thou art, Cupid's dart) he means every word of it.

That dismisses Mr. Huxley's charge of insincerity. As to the banality of Mammy songs, has Mr. Huxley read the libretto of *Siegfried* or *Madame Butterfly* lately, or the poetry which Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms set to music? And, while we are about it, there is that classic old English refrain—"Hey nonny nonny O! Hey nonny nonny!" What about that, Mr. Huxley? Hey?

▶▶*Censor Casey*

IN THE HANDS of the three C's, Curley, Crowley, and Casey—the Mayor-elect, the Police Superintendent, and the City Censor of Plays—Boston's morals should be safe from shock. Especially in the hands of Mr. Casey. For twenty-five years the City Censor has been requesting theatre managers to gut this scene, garb that leg, or get out of town. It was he who banned Eugene O'Neill's *Desire Under the Elms*. Posterity will remember it.

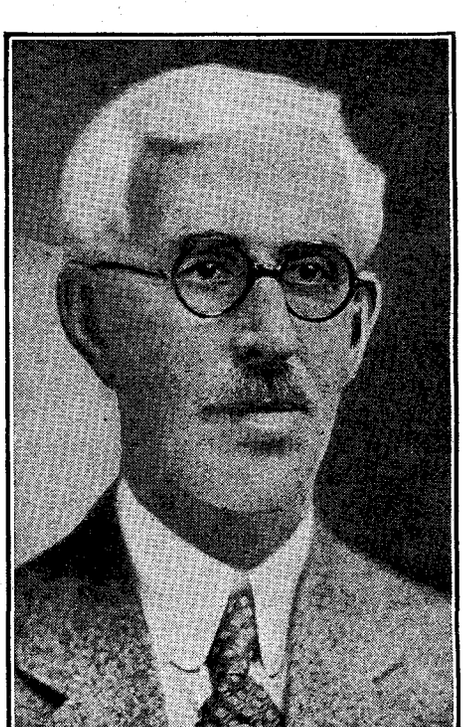
Mr. Casey hates to be called "a reformer or an uplifter or anything like that." He doesn't believe in censorship, he told a New York *Sun* interviewer, though he does believe in regulating the stage in the name of common decency. Paradoxically, he also believes in pruning and rejecting plays before they open, and censorship is nothing else. He has one standard by which to determine the difference between filth and cleanliness. It is whether or not the average man would want his mother, wife, daughter, or sister to see the play in question. The use of this rule frees him from fears of injuring art. "If art has to be indecent," he declares, "it's no longer art. It's just vulgar bad taste."

According to regulations fathered by Mr. Casey, plays in Boston may not employ songs or dialogue intended to suggest sexual relations. This should just about do for the chief Elizabethan dramatists, Jonson, Dekker, Beaumont, Fletcher, and the rest. Performances must be confined to the stage. This, to mention two polar opposites, would seem to rule out both *The Miracle* and *Sweet Adeline*. Profanity is prohibited, which is certainly bad news for *What Price Glory?* and *The Front Page*. Furthermore, females may not appear in bare legs or wearing one-piece union suits, "whereby simply used to wantonly display the figure as in living pictures."

It is not surprising to hear that Mr. Casey doesn't like the theatre. He doesn't seem to. It is, however, a bit surprising to learn that Mr. Casey was once a trap drummer in vaudeville and burlesque. That's rather odd.

▶▶*One for the Weak Side*

PEEKING THROUGH THE WINDOW of an Omaha dwelling house, Federal dry



Courtesy N. Y. Sun
BOSTON BANNER
John Michael Casey, censor of the theatre at the Hub

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agents smelled cooking mash, saw the coil of a still with a plume of escaping steam, heard the sound of a burner used in distilling. Though they noticed no one around, they concluded that something was up.

Entering the building without a warrant, they apprehended the occupants, seized contraband materials, and found themselves in hot water. Refusing to justify one defendant's arrest on the ground that he had committed a felony in the agents' presence, Federal Judge Woodrough called the entry, search, and seizure illegal and ordered the evidence suppressed. "Protection of the inalienable rights of the American citizen," said the court, "is of more importance than easy enforcement of the prohibition law."

The sentence should be memorized by law enforcers, prosecutors, and judges. Whittling down rights, privileges, and liberties has become a favorite pastime of American courts. Prohibition has but sharpened the knife. Thus Judge Woodrough's ruling comes not long after our courts have withheld citizenship from a middle-aged woman for refusing to bear arms in time of war; from a younger woman, who, though she declined to kill for her country, was willing to be killed for it; and from an elderly divinity school professor who would not promise to carry a gun in a war which was not sanctioned by his conscience.

It comes just after the United States Supreme Court, for some unexplained reason, has ignored a citizen's plea that he was convicted of violating the Iowa dry law on evidence obtained in searching his home without a warrant. It comes just after Federal Judge Dawson of Kentucky has declared that the liquor purchaser, whom Senator Sheppard wishes to make as guilty as the seller, may be indicted under the prohibition law as it stands. It comes just after the opinion of Federal Judge Fitzhenry of Illinois that any person who knows of, but does not report, a violation of the Jones law is a felon—i.e., aren't we all?

Possibly Judge Woodrough's ruling bears down a bit too hard on the right end of the scale. If so, even so, it will hardly outweigh the rulings which have been bearing down on the wrong end.

▶▶*Trust-Busting Again*

EAGER TO RESTORE business confidence, the Administration nevertheless intends to keep an eye on mergers. On the Friday following Wall Street's late lamented Black Thursday, Attorney General Mitchell told the American Bar Association that, "despite many changes since these statutes were passed," the anti-trust laws would be applied "with vigor and determination." With the market hardly out of its wheel chair, the threat has been fulfilled. The Government has filed two suits, one against Warner Brothers Pictures, Inc., the other against Fox Film Corporation and Fox Theatres Corporation, charging combinations in restraint of trade.

Illegal or not, the Fox and Warner combinations exemplify what today's mergers often mean. The Government's complaint is based on the Warners' acquisition of First National Pictures, Inc., a producing organization, and Fox's purchase of Loew's, Inc., a theatre-owning corporation, but that doesn't tell the whole story. The Warners also own Vitagraph, Inc., and the Stanley Company of America, while Loew's, controlled by Fox, in turn controls the producing unit, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Inc. It boils down to this: The Warners are said to control twenty-five per cent of American film production, the Fox interests forty per cent, not to speak of six hundred theatres.

The motion picture industry has been on the carpet before. Two years ago Famous Players-Paramount was criticized by the Federal Trade Commission for block booking, making independent exhibitors take several films together, the good with the bad, or none at all. Meantime, as the merger movement has swept into Hollywood, the Government has found something new to worry about. Twenty years ago its present prosecutions would have been widely cheered. Today, that part of the public which is not indifferent is more than half persuaded that mergers mean lower prices. Nothing indicates that people care whether these two combinations or any others are broken up. The Government itself, though it lashes out fretfully at times, seems undecided whether the anti-trust laws should be enforced, amended, or allowed to die quietly of neglect.

Remarkable Remarks

It was a distressing slump in Wall Street.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

We cannot yet understand how they got so much bad news on such a narrow piece of paper.—"BUGS" BAER.

I know that this is a bad time to ask men and women for money.—RIGHT REV. EDWARD M. CROSS.

Prohibition was never designed to make it impossible for a man to get a drink.—REV. DR. CLARENCE TRUE WILSON.

The story of prohibition in the United States is partly, at least, a love story.—H. L. MENCKEN.

We could scarcely comprehend how any one who had the privilege of sitting at a table surrounded by representatives of the Cabinet, the Congress, the Diplomatic Corps and the Army and Navy would not find it interesting.—CALVIN COOLIDGE.

As long as I hear about your mayors attacking King George and so on, and Englishmen talking about these "intolerable" Americans, I feel everything is all right.—BERNARD SHAW.

In art as well as in life it is the woman who pays.—PROFESSOR WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

The cost of maintaining caste is enormous to a picture actress.—CLARA BOW.

▶▶*In Brief*

MRS. JAMES M. DORAN, wife of the Prohibition Commissioner, suggests that each of her kickless cocktail recipes be named "for some person whose opinion carries weight, perhaps a Senator or Congressman." How about naming the first three recipes the Representatives Langley, Michaelson, and Denison? . . . . The fact that Appoline Chalupec has petitioned for a divorce, though it means exactly the same thing, probably does not interest half as many people as the fact that Pola Negri has petitioned for one . . . "Women have voted only a dozen years, yet already more has been accomplished to end war than in all the past," declares an advertisement for *Good Housekeeping*. And all through the efforts of those outstanding women peace advocates, Gustav Stresemann, Aristide Briand, Frank Kellogg, and Ramsay MacDonald . . . . Attorney General Mitchell declares that no study has been made with a view to enforcing the law of 1790 which, by implication, makes felons of all who know of but do not report violations of the Jones

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law. Why? Hasn't the Administration said time after time that all laws must be enforced so long as they are laws? . . . "Were that great portrayer of American character, Horatio Alger, alive today," says Representative Bacharach of New Jersey, "I am sure he would find material for a great book" in the life of Walter Edge. Personally, we have always preferred that other great portrayer of American character, Oliver Optic . . . .

Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE HEAR much sour talk of the favors bestowed upon a small coterie of eminent journalists by President Hoover. Not in years has the corps of 300-odd correspondents been so upset over the goings-on at the White House, which is the news center of their small circle. Their bitterness is accentuated, no doubt, by the fact that recent presidents have not descended — or condescended — to the practice of surrounding themselves with a Swiss Guard of journalistic favorites. Presidents Wilson, Harding and Coolidge were scrupulously careful to treat all alike. Calvin, upon rare occasions, showed special consideration for the "Boston boys," including "Bob" Norton of *The Post,* "Charlie" Groves of *The Globe* and John Lambert of the Hearst newspapers, but it was as an old friend rather than Chief Executive.

For some years, too, there was a tradition in the newspaper world that "Dave" Lawrence, plutocratic pressman, was Wilson's fair-haired boy, but there was little substance to the suspicion. He has, we hear, aimed at a similar place in public opinion under the present Administration, but Secretary Stimson's recent formal denial of one of Mr. Lawrence's leading "think" pieces let him down hard — too hard, we thought. Mr. Harding, of course, numbered the Ohio correspondents among his expansive entourage, but they were pals rather than propagandists. In short, whatever secret stuff slipped out during the Wilson and Coolidge administrations came from their lovable but loquacious secretaries, "Joe" Tumulty and "Ted" Clark, respectively. It is, we suppose, a secretarial failing to desire to show off one's indispensable importance to great men and great events by gossiping of them.

George Akerson, Mr. Hoover's poobah, suffers from the same sort of megalomania, but we hear that his information is more often wrong than right. We understand that while

St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Out of the Hoover Conferences

George was telling "the boys" that the White House would make no explanation of its failure to invite Hiram Johnson to the Dawes diplomatic dinner, Larry Richey was sneaking by back roads to the Senate with a note of apology for the grim Californian. Mr. Akerson's demonstrated untrustworthiness with respect to succulent items of news has caused the correspondents great grief, and aggravated their resentment at Mr. Hoover's preference for pets.

We also learn that the great expectations of journalistic reforms which Mr. Hoover aroused last spring have not been realized. The corps had looked for frank and forthright statements. But we hear Mr. Hoover hardly ever answers the fifty or sixty questions submitted to him at the bi-weekly conferences, preferring to hand out statements on subjects remote from those under consideration of press and public. It frequently happens that he expresses amazement at the correspondents' failure to submit questions when, as a matter of fact, they have presented the usual batch. We fear this may be Mr. Akerson's fault, however, since we understand that he withholds queries which he regards as "silly" or unworthy of presidential notice. The secrecy which surrounds Administrative activities and Government officials has, we are told, killed objective reporting; the correspondents must, for the most part, accept the Administration viewpoint as set forth in formal pronouncements or go without.

The "big three" of the White House Pen Men's Association are William Hard, magazine writer, Hoover biographer and broadcaster; Mark Sullivan, erstwhile editor of *Collier's* and New York *Herald-Tribune* syndicate writer; and Frank Kent, the Baltimore *Sun's* political expert. To many in the corps their friendship for Hoover seems incongruous. We can understand the President's tenderness for them, since they appreciated him when, as Food Administrator many years ago, he was merely a heavily built and harried stranger sitting behind an ugly, golden oak desk in a bleak building far off the beaten path of newspapermen. For the same reason, perhaps, the President shows a fondness for Richard V. Oulahan of the New York *Times,* Roy Roberts, now managing editor of the Kansas City *Star,* and Roy Vernon of the Chicago *News.* But, thinking on the Progressive past of Messrs. Hard and Sullivan, both worshippers of Roosevelt, and the Democratic fervor of Mr. Kent's pre-Hooverian pieces, we wonder wherein lies Mr. Hoover's particular lure. For strangely mixed reasons, we are sure, their colleagues would like to know it, too.

A. F. C.

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Social Censorship

An Editorial by William Ernest Hocking

SOCIETY HAS BEEN waking up to the fact that it is usually harder to counteract poisons than to cure wounds. A crime may be looked upon as a mechanical injury. An insidious idea or a corrupting appeal is more like a chemical injury or a disease. The effects of a crime may stop where it falls. The effects of a spot of moral decay spread through the community. Censorship is intended to be the social organ of antisepsis.

It is time to be rid of the foolishness which maintains that while the state should punish and prevent crime it should remain indifferent to social poisons. It has been a popular doctrine of the last century that organized society has no business to interest itself in public morals; it must deal simply with physical behavior. The headmaster of Eton who, after reading the Beatitudes, said to his pupils, "Now, boys, you hear what the Scripture says: mind you be pure in heart, or I'll flog ye," has been taken as a symbol of the ineptitude of political efforts to enforce righteousness. It is true that external regulation cannot reach the free will. But it is false that external protection cannot help a faltering free will or stabilize a wobbly and uncertain free will. And it is false that political *laissez faire* in public morals aids the moral self-help of the nation. For the let-alone policy conveys the impression of unconcern; and ignores the psychological truth that men remain educable, plastic to impressions, from the cradle to the grave.

Censorship is in principle justified. But it belongs to the irony of history that just at the moment when we begin to see this point, and to make some bedevilled efforts to clean up alcoholism with other drug habits, to disinfect literature and the stage (especially in Boston), to discourage irresponsible critics of our institutions, we have also begun to realize how uncertain is the boundary between the poisonous and the non-poisonous and how great are the claims of the experimental spirit. The censor can only operate safely when he is sure; and we have become less sure than any great civilization has ever been.

There are, of course, individuals among us who are constitutionally sure of what is good for themselves and others; and who are ready at a moment's notice to assume the office of censor. But it is useless for individuals and groups to be sure unless they have, or can get, the conscience of the community with them. Unless they can do this, the censored public will appeal to the principle of liberty, and with effect.

Now there is probably more nonsense talked about liberty today than about any other subject. Men clamor for the liberty to experiment, and clamor for the liberty of disregarding the experiments that are going on. Because the prohibition amendment may be regarded as a vast national experiment, there are those who demand, in the name of liberty, the right to break the experiment down without having tried it. But after all, the most important experiments for an experimental age are those that can be (and must be) carried out together. Moral experiments cannot, as a rule, be significant if they are solitary. Hence the liberty of the whole community to make an experiment requires the loyal postponement of the liberty of dissenters to try some other which they prefer.

On the other hand, the state runs the risk of making itself ridiculous, not to say pernicious, when it attempts to regulate those experiments of the mind, in taste and opinion, which must always be individual. It is evident that no object of contemplation is bad in itself. The evil must lie in consent to the evil on the part of the mind of the contemplator. If he contemplates it to reject it, he has emerged the stronger, though the contemplation itself involves the shadow of consent. It is impossible to think of a social problem of any kind without entertaining the image of the evil which constitutes the problem. To ban the representation of evil would thus be equivalent to banning the activity of thought. If a democratic society must live by the alertness of its members to its problems, the vivid presentation of those problems must be rather encouraged than frowned upon by the state.

The counsel of prudence would be for the state to keep its hands off from all matters involving the adventures of thought, even when that adventure strikes at its own foundations, or is supposed to do so. If the adventure is essentially outrageous, there will be enough sound thinking in the community to meet it on its own ground, and enough common sense to let it hang itself by its own excess. If it is not outrageous, there is always the chance that it contains the germ of an important improvement.

One would say, then, that the state should allow its members complete liberty in what they read, see, hear, and (except in times of national crisis) say. But there is a difficulty in this program. It arises from a subtle hypocrisy of the mind which pretends to be thinking responsibly about social problems when it is really indulging in the imaginative enjoyment of vice. And there is no external mark which will surely distinguish the genuine from the counterfeit. By what definable test can any one separate, for example, a salutary frankness in sex discussion from the prevalent cult of polite literary pornography?

The solution comes in part by itself, through the general recognition of that very possibility of sham. Our people are beginning to see the elements of self-deception in certain "modern" attitudes, are becoming a little ashamed of themselves, and weary of the really stupid caterers. I foresee a bear market in commercial sex-appeal. This process is better than the work of many censors. The worst use of censorship is in the suppression of political criticism. The only society that could feel a need to silence its radicals, who are for the most part sincere men, is a society unwilling to face its own defects and unable to think out a scheme of reform better than theirs. For a sound society like our own the true maxim is, Love your radicals!

Regarding the practice of social control by some of us who assume to know what the rest of us should do and think, the Outlook and Independent has been accused by some readers of adopting an irresponsible and loose policy. Professor Hocking of Harvard University, widely known as a philosopher and as author of "Man and the State" and other volumes, presents a view of this question more conservative than many we have admitted to our pages—yet leading to the interesting conclusion: "Love your radicals"

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Behold the Cloud

The Life of Mary Baker Eddy

By FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

On New Year's Day, 1877, Mrs. Glover took the surname by which she is best known. Asa Gilbert Eddy shared with her five years of domestic peace and public discord. Malicious animal magnetism, demonology, charges of witchcraft, and a murder mystery that was not a murder but remained a mystery—all played a part in this dark passage in the history of Christian Science. This is the sixth instalment of "According to the Flesh"

ABOUT the time of the publication of *Science and Health* a new student, Asa G. Eddy, was brought to Mrs. Glover's class by Daniel Spofford. Mr. Eddy was a personable young man of forty-four; broad-shouldered, a little less than medium height, florid, blue-eyed, mild in manner and speech, with a simplicity and reserve that inspired trust and confidence. Fastidious as to his personal appearance, he displayed in his dress a certain effective and becoming oddity which always appealed to Mrs. Glover's imagination. His amiable and candid face was clean-shaven, but for a short brush of silky beard encircling his chin, smart sideburns, and his light brown hair roached in an old-fashioned pompadour. For informal occasions he wore a knitted cardigan jacket and a long surtout of a light cinnamon color, very full, and gathered in at the waist. For formal wear, a black broadcloth of the finest texture, and the high silk hat of the period.

Mr. Eddy was at that time working as a sewing machine agent in East Boston, and had sought Mr. Spofford's services as healer, calling upon him at his office in Boston. Through Spofford he had become interested in the method and had decided to take up the study with a view to becoming a practitioner himself.

This new student became almost immediately the favorite disciple of his teacher, Mrs. Glover, and presently her husband. By nature, temperament, and experience he had been admirably fitted for the rôle of helper and substantial background to this restless and erratic woman, absorbed in her career. Born on a farm in the Green Mountains, he was one of seven children, son of a hard-working farmer and an original, eccentric and forceful mother. She taught her children, both boys and girls, to cook and weave and bake and sew, then left such minor matters in their hands while she drove off on other business of her own. She did not go to church, an omission frowned upon by her neighbors, but pursued the mysteries. She went often to consult "sleeping Lucy" who possessed a "gift of nature" and who in a sleeping or trance state, diagnosed cases of sickness and prescribed for them. Mrs. Eddy was often sent for when her neighbors were ill, and gave the remedies sleeping Lucy had prescribed.

Rain or shine, summer or winter, Betsey Eddy's horse and buggy was to be seen on the road, while her children kept the house at home, and her husband labored in the fields. Vermont winters are hard, but she was not to be stopped by mere weather. She invented for herself a head-dress consisting of a large poke bonnet from the front of which she hung a woolen shawl in which was inserted a small pane of window glass which afforded her protection from sleet and snow without obscuring her vision. She appears in the story as one of those minor characters in a play who come on to the stage, play their bit, and depart, and who, having no particular connection with the plot, have yet played the bit so well that we wait for them to appear again, and are disappointed that they never do.

When Spiritualism swept the country Mrs. Eddy and her son Asa became ardent converts and went about to meetings and seances together. Asa Gilbert did not leave home until he was twenty-eight, going at that time, 1860, to Springfield where he became a weaver in a woolen mill. He had shown no aptitude for farming, but had developed instead much ingenuity and skill in the household arts, which included weaving for the family clothing; so that he followed his natural bent when he became a professional weaver. He also wrote a fine Spencerian hand, in which he took much pride, and for a time taught a class in penmanship. In Springfield he lived alone in small quarters which he kept neat and shipshape, doing his own cooking and laundry, and making his own clothes. In '69 he came to East Boston and took an agency for a sewing machine company. It was here that he heard of Daniel Spofford, and went to him as a patient.

He had had a good common school education, and was possessed of tact, a desire to learn and, above all, to be of service. These qualities commended themselves at once to Mrs. Glover, and a strong attachment sprang up between them. He applied himself intensely to the study of the new science, and before many weeks he was "Dr." Eddy to the public, and he and Mrs. Glover were Gilbert and Mary to each other.

She had need of just such a pliable and unselfish devotion as Gilbert Eddy was ready and willing to give her and her Cause. The little band of Scientists had a great deal of adverse criticism and public opinion to combat. Aside from these things, Mrs. Glover was often ill, and these illnesses she attributed to the thought of her students and patients being always upon her. She begged them, and particularly those who were ill and suffering, to remove their thoughts from her, as the thoughts of sick people weighed her down and produced weakness and illness in her own body. In a letter to her cousin she said, "I feel the weight of sick folks terribly since my book is at work," and further said that unless the sick relieve her of so many minds calling on her alone for help that "I shall finish my work here soon."

Struggling against the recurrence of her old illnesses, and carrying on her shoulders at the same time the responsibility of her new organization (for in July of 1876 the first actual organization was formed and was known as the "Christian Scientists' Association,") she found in Gilbert Eddy a pliable and willing aide.

Foreseeing that the wide circulation of her book was an important factor in the spread of her system, she now persuaded Daniel Spofford to turn over his patients and thriving practice to the new student, Gilbert Eddy, and devote himself exclusively to pushing the sale of the book. Both Spofford and Mrs.

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Glover had distributed hand-bills throughout Lynn advertising the book, and notices were put into the newspapers and all publications sympathetic to the mental healing idea. Mrs. Glover, in spite of her illness, worked with prodigious energy, and inspired her students and helpers to the same white heat of energy and effort.

But this sudden elevation of the new student to first place was not accepted without a struggle by the little band of students who had demonstrated their loyalty and devotion through the stormy period that had gone before. Jealousy and dissatisfaction stirred them and for a time bade fair to disrupt the new organization. They felt that the honors and confidences showered upon the new student were far in excess of anything but mere personal preference on the part of their teacher.

If Gilbert Eddy was now her favorite, Daniel Spofford was still her most valuable student, and as late as October of 1876, her appreciation and confidence were shown in a letter to him in which she speaks of "a future time when the whole labour is left with you." She was consulting him in all important business matters, such as the second edition of *Science and Health* which she was already preparing, and depending upon him also for treatments for her own continued ill health. On the twenty-second of that same month she wrote to him further that she had "great consolation" in him, in his "Christian character that I read yet more and more," and begs him ".... press on; you know not the smallest portion comparatively, of your ability in Science." She adds that "inflammation of the spinal nerves" is what she "suffers most in belief."

There is a suggestion in the Authorized Life that Daniel Spofford entertained more than a student's regard for Mrs. Glover, and this suggestion is surely fortified by his docility in handing over his practice to another at her bidding, and by the tone of a letter written by Mrs. Glover to him on the thirtieth day of the following December (1876). There is evidence of serious emotional disturbance in this letter, in which she begs him to believe that "no student nor mortal" has tried to have him leave her. "Dr. Eddy has tried to have you stay—you are in a mistake ...." She tells him not to think of returning to her again, she will never again trust a man. "They know not what manner of temptations assail. God produces the separation and I submit to it, so must you." The way he has "set her up for a Dagon," she says, is wrong, and implores him to go alone to God as she has taught him.

".... Turn your thought wholly away from me. Do for God's sake and the work I have before me let me get out of this suffering—I never was worse than last night and you say you wish to do me good and I do not doubt it. Then won't you *quit thinking* of me. I shall write no more to a male student and never more trust one to live with. It is a hidden foe that is at work read *Science and Health* page 193, 1st paragraph." (Turning to the page and paragraph in the First Edition, one feels almost apologetic so to promptly find: "Jesus said, to look with foul desire on forbidden objects, breaks a moral precept," and much more about "the atmosphere of impure desires.")

MARY BAKER EDDY
From an early edition of "Science and Health"

On the following day, Dec. 31, 1876, Mr. Spofford was astonished to receive a visit from Gilbert Eddy, bearing a note from Mrs. Glover which was brief and to the point, addressing him as "Dear Student" instead of her usual "Dear Harry." It said that for reasons best known to herself she had "changed her views in respect to marrying," and asked him "to hand this note to the Unitarian clergyman and please wait for his answer." It was signed,

"Your teacher,
M. B. G.
Hand or deliver the reply to Dr. Eddy."

Mr. Eddy handed him also the marriage license which had been obtained for himself and Mrs. Glover. Mr. Spofford remarked that they had been very quiet about all this, to which Gilbert replied that he had not known it himself until last night. Mr. Spofford noticed that the marriage license gave the ages of both bride and bridegroom as forty years. As he knew that Mrs. Glover's age was fifty-six, and Mr. Eddy's forty-five, he remarked upon the inaccuracy in the license. But Gilbert said that the statement was a mere formality and that a few years more or less was of no consequence.

The following day which was New Year's, 1877, the marriage ceremony was performed quietly at Mrs. Glover's home on Broad Street by the Rev. Samuel B. Stewart, a Unitarian minister with whom Mrs. Eddy had been acquainted since her earliest days in Lynn.

It was a full month before her group of students recovered sufficiently from this decisive move on the part of their leader to gather themselves together and decide that what was done was done and to accept it with what grace they could. Accordingly, on the thirty-first of January they assembled at the Broad Street house to offer their belated congratulations and bridal gifts.

There has been a great resistance on the part of Mrs. Eddy and all her spokesmen to the admission that Mrs. Eddy's marriages were for love. In her autobiography, she says that she married Dr. Patterson to have a home for her child; yet she continued to live with Dr. Patterson and to defend him, and wrote, we remember, in her original letter to Quimby that she had been "unable to turn myself or be moved by any but my husband." There is ample evidence in her attitude to convict her of following the course of her feminine nature and falling in love and marrying out of the usual tender emotion. Yet the same sublimation of motive seems to have been necessary in regard to her marriage to Gilbert Eddy. She married Gilbert "not for her own sake, but to save the Cause." This is simply a manner of coquetry. Any woman with a career will recognize it as the traditional apology.

Mary Beecher Longyear in her *Life and Genealogy of Asa G. Eddy* relates that in 1920 she met in London Miss Clara Shannon who was with Mrs.

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Eddy for many years, and that Miss Shannon asked her if she knew why Mrs. Eddy married Gilbert. Mrs. Longyear replied that she did not, and had often wondered why. Miss Shannon then told her what Mrs. Eddy had said about it to her.

"The night Gilbert asked her to marry him she had a dream. She seemed to be standing on one side of a beautiful field of wheat. As she was rejoicing in its promise, dark swinish forms seemed to move underneath it, their uprooting instincts were destroying thought. She dared not cross the field as she intended. Terror and abhorrence chained her to the spot. Then on the other side of the field she saw Gilbert Eddy's manly form. 'Come on, Mary,' he said, 'I will help you.' And she awoke, feeling that she could marry him not for her own sake but to save the Cause."

Gilbert was ten years her junior. If he had been ten years her senior the statement about saving the Cause might have been taken more seriously.

There are descriptions of Mrs. Eddy of that time written by much younger men than Gilbert Eddy, and these descriptions contain warm references to her "youthful charm of person and manner," her figure "a little above average height, well-formed but slender," her dark hair to which her pale complexion presented a marked contrast, her eyes, "dark blue with a wonderful lustre, but sad, very sad at times, yet with a glory shining through," her manner, dignified but very cordial, her spirit, "nervous like a force in thrall."

The woman who made this emotional impression upon a young man of twenty-four, must have made an even more emotional and favorable impression upon the man of forty-five.

And Gilbert, well dressed, a little distinguished by his oddity, yet tractable, and wishing (the inference is plain) to give her his tender care, (he missed the care of his own mother whose favorite he had been and for whom he wove and washed and baked and sewed while she pursued her own unique, if less famous, career, her researches into the mysteries,—huntress after Truth), Gilbert who was correct, and even elegant, almost a dandy, yet content to remain always in the rôle of substantial background; Gilbert who wrote an admirable script with his fine-pointed pen, whose English was good if a little stiff, whose spelling was impeccable,—this Gilbert must have appealed mightily to her. "Gilbert Eddy's manly form," she said to Miss Shannon.

Asa Gilbert Eddy lived for five years after this marriage. The relationship between husband and wife may be said to be the only peace or happiness to be found in the history of those five years. The part Gilbert Eddy played in the events of those years is difficult to estimate. There are intimations that he may have exerted more influence upon the succeeding events than has been attributed to him, and this by the simple means of complete subservience to his wife. Certain it is that melodrama followed upon melodrama, crisis

LUCRETIA L. S. BROWN
Plaintiff in the Ipswich witchcraft case

upon crisis, and storm upon storm during those five years, and that the record of those years is the darkest page in the history of Christian Science and in the life of its founder.

The whole chapter lies under the deep shadow of that cloud, at first no larger than a hand, which now grew rapidly until it overspread the sky and threatened to obscure forever the sun. The spring and summer following her marriage found many of the students still unreconciled to her marriage, and the Leader herself suffering almost continual illness of mind and body. Her letters to Daniel Spofford, who had remained true to the Cause, are full of entreaties and anxieties, and of her desire to finish the work on a second edition of her book. She begs him to keep the students from calling upon her mentally. . . . "It would be no greater crime for them to come directly and thrust a dagger into my heart—they are just as surely in belief killing me and committing murder. . . . Oh Harry, the book must stop. I can do no more now if ever. They lay on me suffering inconceivable.

Mary"

In various letters during those years of stress, Mrs. Eddy suggests that the fight is too much for her and that she feels that she may die, and "if my husband was only willing to give me up I would gladly yield up the ghost of this terrible earth plane and join those nearer my Life."

In April, driven to her wit's end she decided to remove herself from the scene of action, and left Lynn suddenly, as she had often threatened to do, taking Gilbert with her and leaving no address behind. She hoped apparently that in removing herself from her students' sight also to remove herself from their minds, and so to escape the effect of their thoughts centered upon her in the familiar Broad Street House. She remained away for several weeks, working hard upon her second edition, about which she kept in constant communication with Daniel Spofford.

She wrote him a long letter concerning the book and their business arrangements, which had been talked over before her departure. In this letter she states the terms of an agreement which she will make with him; he to publish the book for three years, and to pay her twenty-five per cent royalties; at the end of the three years if they decide to dissolve partnership, the surplus to be divided equally between them. "This is the best I can do," she says.

"All the years I have expended on that book, the labor I am still performing, and all I have done for students and the cause gratuitously, entitle me to *some income* now that I am unable to work. . . . If you conclude not to carry the work forward on the terms named, it will have to go out of edition as I can do no more for it, and I believe this hour is to try my students who think they have the cause at heart and see if it be so."

To this letter Mr. Spofford replied that he did not see how he could pay all the cost of printing and putting the second edition upon the market, advertising it, etc., and still pay Mrs. Eddy a twenty-five per cent royalty. She answered him with a reminder that she had given "three years and more" of her work to offset the capital which he would put into the printing, and that she believes the conditions suggested by her to be just. She admonished him to "work as your teacher has done before

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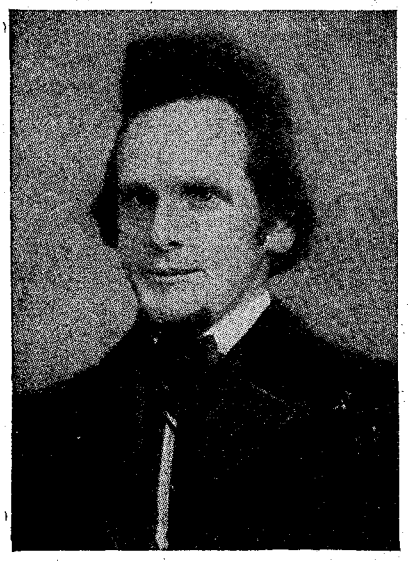


ASA G. EDDY
Mary Baker Eddy's third husband

you, unselfishly, as you wish to and gain the reward of such labor."

But Mr. Spofford did not accept the terms. In July he closed out the remaining stock of the first edition of *Science and Health,* and paid over the money, something over $600 to George Barry and Elizabeth Newhall who had furnished the money for the publication. This led to one of those situations to which metaphysics and money, mortal mind and men invariably do lead. Mrs. Eddy felt that the first thing to be considered was the Cause, and that the money derived from the sale of the first edition should go toward the publication of the second edition. It was obvious that George Barry, now completely estranged from Mrs. Glover, would hardly agree to this. Mr. Spofford as business manager could hardly have done otherwise than divide the money between the original backers of the book, Barry and Miss Newhall, who were, now that they were dealing in cold figures, actually the losers by about $1500 on their original investment. Mr. Spofford suggested that if Barry and Miss Newhall wished to put the $600 back into the second edition they could quite easily do so. But this quite naturally they did not care to do, however freely they might have done it in the first flush of their enthusiasm three years earlier.

It is an inevitable component of the Leader formula that the disciples must also "leave all and follow me;" that they also devote their lives and their all to the Cause. All leaders have expected this of their followers and have exacted obedience from them. But few have gone to such lengths in denouncing those who refused obedience.

The following January Daniel Spofford was expelled from the Christian Scientists' Association, and advised of it in the following notice:

Dr. D. H. Spofford of Newburyport has been expelled from the Association of Christian Scientists for immorality and as unworthy to be a member.
Lynn Jan. 19th. 1878.
Secretary of the Christian Scientists' Association, Mrs. H. N. Kingsbury.

A notice also appeared in the Newburyport *Herald* to the effect that Daniel H. Spofford had been expelled for alleged immorality, from the Christian Scientists' Association of Lynn.

This charge of "immorality" surprises us as it must have surprised Daniel Spofford and the readers of the Newburyport *Herald* where he was well known. It now becomes necessary for us to begin to adjust ourselves to Mrs. Eddy's vocabulary. Or rather to the uses to which she put her vocabulary. She often spoke of the "new tongue" in which she found it necessary to express herself, and the arbitrary meanings which she put upon many words in the creation of this new tongue often add confusion to confusion, since the words employed are already possessed of no uncertain meaning and connotations of their own. She was often hereafter to charge recalcitrant students with immorality, but explained its meaning by saying that they had been guilty of an offense against the Cause, or disloyalty to the Truth. The charge of "infidelity" also meant infidelity to the Cause. A woman student was accused openly of being an "adulteress." When she demanded to know the reason for this accusation, Mrs. Eddy said she had "adulterated the Truth."

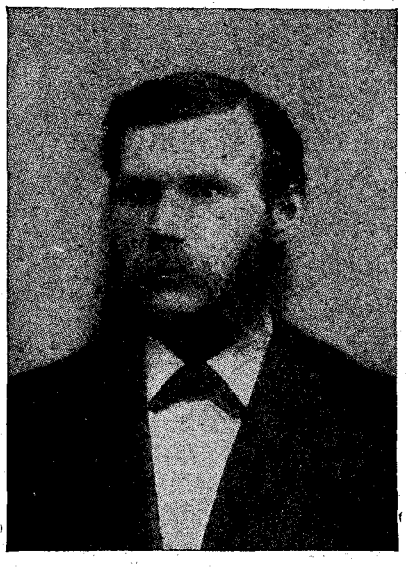
No key however was furnished by her for these public utterances, and the appearance of such words in print held only their literal meaning for the public. It was, to say the least, taking an advantage.

Perhaps Mr. Spofford was better acquainted with his teacher's vocabulary. He made no reply to the charge contained in her dismissal, and took no action in the matter of the notice in the Newburyport *Herald.* He did precisely what Richard Kennedy had done,—ignored the accusations, and continued in his practice already established in Newburyport and Boston in both of which places he maintained offices.

The discovery she had made through Richard Kennedy's desertion was that mesmerism or "animal magnetism" was evil, and practised through manipulation. She had announced this discovery in the first edition of *Science and Health,* with the declaration that the mesmerist could "depend only on manipulation," and the mal-practitioner was to be detected by his use of manipulation.

Daniel Spofford had come into her class after she had ceased to teach manipulation, in fact, after she had expressly forbidden it. Yet it was clear that since he was no longer on Mrs. Eddy's side, he must have gone over to the side of the evil one. It resulted in the new "discovery" which she now promptly announced to the world in the second edition of *Science and Health* hurriedly revised for the purpose and brought out in that same year with "Dr. A. G. Eddy" as publisher. The evidences of haste are apparent. The edition consisted of a single volume of 167 pages marked "Volume II," although there was no Volume I. She had been working upon a "Key to the Scriptures," and had intended to include it in her second edition. But now there was no time or space for this. The book contained a reprint of several of the chapters contained in the first edition, somewhat revised, and her announcement of the important discovery.

"Mesmerism is practised through manipulation—and without it . . . . Since *Science and Health* first went to press, we have observed the crimes of



EDWARD J. ARENS
Arrested on a murder charge with Asa G. Eddy

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another mesmeric outlaw, in a variety of ways, who does not as a common thing manipulate, in cases where he sullenly attempted to avenge himself of certain individuals, etc. But we had not before witnessed the mal-practitioner's fable without manipulation, and supposed it was not done without it; but have learned it is the addenda to what we have described in a previous edition, but without manipulating the head. (page 136)"

The volume is surcharged throughout with references to the discovery.

Again she says:

"Behold! thou criminal mental marauder, that would blot out the sunshine of earth, that would sever friends, destroy virtue, put out Truth, and murder in secret the innocent befouling their track with the trophies of their guilt,—I say, Behold the 'cloud, no bigger than a man's hand,' already rising up in the horizon of Truth, to pour down upon the guilty head the hailstones of doom."

Her terror of Daniel Spofford, which had more of panic in it than hate, now became as great as her terror of Richard Kennedy had been, and her terror and hatred of Kennedy became even greater than before. The discovery that Mesmerism or Malicious Animal Magnetism could operate through mind alone threw a new and dreadful light upon Kennedy. He had wished her downfall. He would accomplish it. Now Daniel Spofford also wished her downfall. They, the malpractitioners, the mesmerists, would combine their black arts to destory her, to discredit and ruin her Cause. She had already known that Daniel Spofford's thoughts had made her suffer; she had not known before that it was his intention to cause her suffering.

She called her students together. Something must be done. Sorely she needed the sane wise counsel of Quimby, whose mission had been to wake the dreamer of such dreams of "error and belief." She had for counsellors only Gilbert Eddy, already too frightened to speak, and one formidable new student who had lately entered her class,—Edward J. Arens, a Prussian cabinet maker of Lynn, as rashly active as Gilbert Eddy was passive, and with these two she planned her attack.

Like many of Mrs. Eddy's students, Edward Arens had a limited education, a taste for metaphysics, for reading abstruse works, and for argument. This last taste had led him often into the courts, and seems to have transformed itself actually into a taste for litigation. Whether he was directly responsible for it or not, it is true that during his intimacy with Mr. and Mrs. Eddy they were almost constantly in the courts. In that year, 1878, suits were brought by Mrs. Eddy against various old students to recover amounts claimed due her on old contracts, to discover the income from practice, on which she claimed a royalty. A suit was brought against Richard Kennedy for $750 on a promissory note dated 1870, before their partnership began. A suit against Daniel Spofford for tuition due. And all these suits were lost.

In the meantime, a second case against Daniel Spofford had been instituted. It was the case of Miss Lucretia Brown against Spofford, which came to be known as the "Ipswich Witchcraft Case."

Miss Brown was a maiden lady of about fifty who lived with her mother and sister in one of the oldest houses in Ipswich, facing upon the Schoolhouse Green. Miss Lucretia who had suffered a fall in her youth which had injured her spine, and made her a semi-invalid, had been healed by Christian Science and was one of the familiar group surrounding Mrs. Eddy in the early seventies. She was the patient of Miss Dorcas Rawson, one of Mrs. Eddy's practising students, and the cure of Miss Lucretia was one of the famous early healings. She had suffered a relapse early in 1877 and Miss Rawson had called upon Mrs. Eddy for help in the case. Miss Lucretia was one of those whose illness Mrs. Eddy felt keenly and she seemed to have suffered much distress on her account. And in a letter to Spofford she had related that ". . . . Miss Brown went into convulsions from a chemical, was not expected to live, but came out of it saying she felt perfectly well . . . . I thought at that time if she was not 'born again' the Mother would die in her labors. O, how little my students *can* know what it all costs me."

Now, in the spring of '78, Miss Brown was suffering a relapse. Miss Rawson was still in attendance, and again consulted Mrs. Eddy about her patient. The "witchcraft charge," which resulted from the conferences upon the alarming condition of Miss Brown, were set forth as follows in the complaint:

To the Honorable the Justices of the Supreme Court, now sitting at Salem, within and for the County of Essex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, sitting in equity.

Humbly complaining, the plaintiff, Lucretia L. S. Brown, of Ipswich, in said County of Essex, showeth unto Your Honors, that Daniel H. Spofford, of Newburyport, in said County of Essex, the defendant in the above entitled action, is a mesmerist and practises the art of mesmerism, and by his said art and the power of his mind influences and controls the minds and bodies of other persons, and uses his said power and art for the purpose of injuring the persons and property and social relations of others and does by said means so injure them.

And plaintiff further showeth that the said Daniel H. Spofford has at divers times and places since the year eighteen hundred and seventy-five wrongfully and maliciously and with intent to injure the plaintiff, caused the plaintiff by means of his said power and art great suffering of body and mind, and spinal pains and neuralgia and a temporary suspension of mind, and still continues to cause the plaintiff the same.

And the plaintiff has reason to fear and does fear that he will continue in the future to cause the same. And the plaintiff says that the said injuries are great and of an irreparable nature, and that she is wholly unable to escape from the control and influence he so exercises upon her and from the aforesaid effects of said control and influence.

In the third edition of *Science and Health*, published a few years later and after she had broken with the student Arens, Mrs. Eddy said:

"It was alleged indirectly in the Newburyport *Herald* that we caused a bill to be filed in the Supreme Court to restrain a student of ours from practising mesmerism. That statement was utterly false. It was a student who did that contrary to our advice and judgment and we have the affidavit of the reluctant plaintiff certifying to this fact." She also says in the same passage that "never a lawsuit has entered into our history voluntarily."

Miss Wilbur says in the Authorized Life that Mrs. Eddy had nothing whatever to do with the suit brought by Miss Brown. "She has always shown herself not only just, but admirably sane, in all her worldly transactions." She advised against the suit, "but was not insistent to the point of rupture." She was much engaged with affairs of her own and would not allow "the frightened students to encroach heavily upon

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Stimulating Business

By CARLTON A. SHIVELY

The basic facts and events which underlie the trend of business are presented in this weekly financial page. Mr. Shively, the contributor of this page, reports on Wall Street for the New York Sun

WALL STREET has been amused, amazed and pleased with the series of White House conferences called by President Hoover with "important business leaders and public officials with a view to the co-ordination of business and governmental agencies in concerted action for continued business progress."

It is, in Wall Street's view, just the sort of thing which President Hoover delights in doing. Hoover, the organizer, found a chance to put his talents to work. True, for a while some people feared that more harm than good would come out of such conferences. Not because of anything that might be done or said at them, but on account of the implication that something was radically wrong with business—that it was a 48 alarm fire. And just when every one had been led to believe that it wasn't much of a blaze, that it was a "natural" one, that it was extinguished and that anyhow no real property had been destroyed or was likely to be destroyed.

When selling was at its heaviest in the stock market about three weeks ago, Administration spokesmen were prolific with assurances that business was eminently sound and that no particular slowdown was to be expected. Now, many have their doubts. Otherwise, they argue, why should the President consider it necessary to have his Secretary of the Treasury announce the Government's intention to cut taxes—and so shortly after the country had been told no relief at this time was possible? Or why should he find it urgent to embark the Government on a vast spending program which might easily be postponed; or urge upon states and cities the need of maximum outlay for construction; or extract promises from railroad men that the carriers (overlooking the steady cutting away of freight rates in recent years) would not hold back a penny which they had been planning to spend; or obtain promises of the same thing from corporation executives and public utility heads?

Whatever criticism may be leveled at President Hoover's economic conferences, Wall Street feels that no great harm will be done and that at all events attention is being focused on this country's fundamentally strong position. In all probability no corporation will spend any more for maintenance, improvement or expansion next year than it had been planning to do anyway; doubtless less will be spent unless and until business clouds clear up a bit. However, expenditures in sight are enormous, much greater than most people had supposed, and are in themselves sufficient to maintain a fairly high degree of purchasing power. If nothing else can be said with assurance of next year, the building industry will do well. To begin with, it will have the advantage of easy money, something it has not had for two or three years. In addition to that stimulant to private building, the taxpayers, through the Government, are going to do a vast amount of construction.

MEASURED by brokers' loans, credit deflation caused by the stock market has amounted to about three billions. That, in effect, was a reduction in the country's money in use. Such a withdrawal of credit, even though it has come out of the security markets, is altogether too great to be without effect on business. The fact that it has occurred within a month increases the adverse effect. For that reason it is reassuring to learn that heavy replacements are to be made. The chief danger lies in possible overstimulation, in which case much of the benefits (and there are some) of recent deflation would be lost.

A brief resumé of some of the major spending programs may not be amiss. At the White House conference with railroad men it was announced that our overland transportation services next will spend a billion for equipment, improvements and, to some extent, for expansion. Since the restoration of railroad credit, following the return of the railroads to private operation in 1920, annual capital expenditures (which, of course, do not include operating expenses) have averaged not much over a half billion. However, this year they were upwards of $800,000,000.

Public utility executives say their companies are planning a gigantic capital outlay of approximately two billions. A few, in their enthusiasm, are even adding a few hundred millions to that total. In all probability the outside estimates will be reached, for public utility credit is good, the field of expansion is large, the industry is guided by ambitious expansionists and the state regulatory bodies and the courts approve rates which virtually guarantee large return on capital employed.

NO ONE would venture to guess what expenditures on public works may be made in the coming year by states and municipalities, but that it will be much larger than usual seems certain. As for the Federal Government, unless Congress balks, probably a half billion which might have been kept in the Treasury will go into the new prosperity pot.

Less is known about industry in general. The wish to "co-operate" is there—if public utterances mean anything. But directors are hard-headed, and stockholders, too, sometimes, and it is much to be doubted that industrial corporations are going to expand freely in times of business uncertainty. Some of them, willy nilly, are going to spend a great deal less than they had intended, for the simple reason that plans for raising new capital through sale of stock have gone agley because of the market collapse. Even Henry Ford, while announcing an increase in wages, has greatly deflated the number of men who will receive the higher pay.

Lastly, the farmers. President Hoover assures the country that "farm leaders" are going to do all they can. But just what the farmer can do, beyond planting larger crops and thereby helping to insure lower prices for his products, is not altogether clear.

It will be interesting to see how President Hoover's great industrial stimulation plans work out. If he can turn the trick this time there is no reason why prosperity cannot be made perpetual—under proper guidance.

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

A Christmas List

BOOKS are the best Christmas presents. In permanent value they exceed anything else, unless you are buying Old Masters for your friends. And they save time and money. They may be selected from lists and catalogues, or in never too crowded bookshops. Five dollars will buy a good book and not much else. Even two-fifty will give the pleasure of a novel or a book of poetry to a family which would otherwise have to solace itself with a decorated telephone pad.

Our Christmas list is made up of books published during the past year. The month of publication is given, books distributed by the book-clubs are so marked, and books which have appeared repeatedly on our best selling lists are omitted because they will have been widely bought already. With few exceptions the books listed have been reviewed in these pages. Such as have not are briefly described.

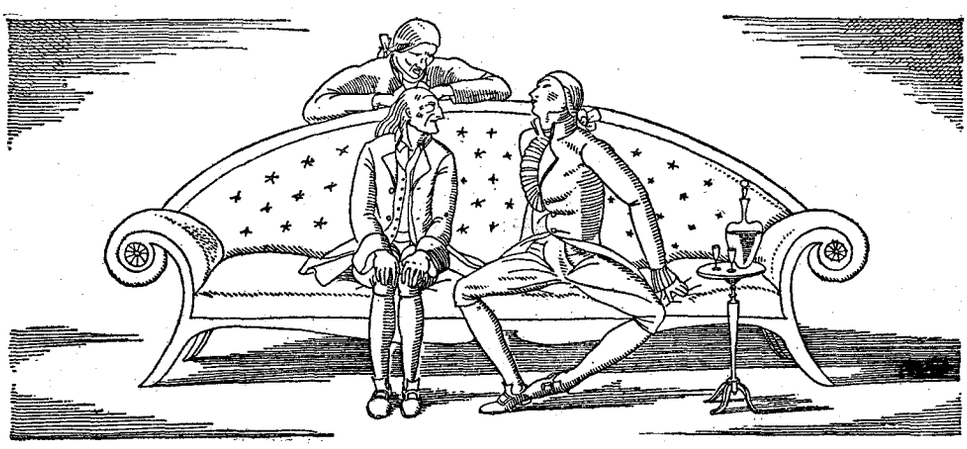

Illustration by Rockwell Kent in the Random House edition of Voltaire's "Candide"

Biography, historical essays and memoirs are the safest choice for friends of whose taste you are not quite certain. First in this group we suggest *An Autobiography of America,* edited by Mark Van Doren (Boni. $5. Dec.), because it is a splendid present for a family, and will find its way into many libraries. It contains carefully selected material from the journals, letters, memoirs and autobiographies of famous Americans and visitors to America from Captain John Smith to Jack London. It is invaluable for side-reading in American history, gives a heartening composite picture of American character, and will fascinate all ages. For men, we recommend *Twelve Against the Gods* by William Bolitho (Simon and Schuster. $5. Nov.); *Ethan Allen* by John Pell (Houghton, Mifflin. $5. Nov.); *Hanna* by Thomas Beer (Knopf. $4. Nov.); *As God Made Them* by Gamaliel Bradford (Houghton, Mifflin. $3.50. Mar.); *Letters and Friendships of Sir Cecil Spring Rice,* edited by Stephen Gwynn (Houghton, Mifflin. 2 vols. $10. Dec.); *Three Reformers: Descartes, Luther, Rousseau,* by Jaques Maritain (Scribners. $2.50. Aug.), a vigorous book about "the reformers that have made our modern mind" by a brilliant and subtle French critic. This is not a book for dullards, but the keen minded will find it stimulating. If you have an able minister on your list he will like it. Or you might give him *Four Square* by John R. Oliver (Macmillan. $2.50. Nov.), which doctors would also enjoy. It is the autobiography of a writer who has been anglican priest, psychiatrist, scholar, police court medical officer, and who is a keen and sympathetic observer of life. And ministers would like *Saint Paul* by Emile Baumann (Harcourt, Brace. $3.50. Apr.), or *John Wesley* by Arnold Lunn (Dial. $4. Feb.). *The Spider, Some Aspects of Louis XI of France,* by D. B. Wyndham Lewis (Coward-McCann. $5. Dec.), and *Lafayette* by Brand Whitlock (Appleton. 2 vols. $10. Oct.), one of the best biographies of the year, will please most men. And for a man to whom you want to give an old book in a new dress, you might select *The Persian Letters* of Montesquieu, edited by Manuel Komroff (Dial. $4. Nov.), a handsome new edition of the Eighteenth Century jurist's sharply brilliant papers. Music lovers among your friends will enjoy *The Memoirs of Lorenzo Da Ponte,* Mozart's librettist, edited by L. A. Sheppard (Houghton, Mifflin. $4. Sept.); *Paganini of Genoa* by Lillian Day (Macaulay. $2.50. Sept.); or *Beethoven the Creator* by Romain Rolland (Harper. $5. Sept.). Architects will be glad to receive *The Life and Times of Charles F. McKim* by Charles Moore (Houghton, Mifflin. $6. Nov.). To doctors you may give *The Story of San Michele* by Axel Munthe (Dutton. $3.75. Sept.) and earn their gratitude. It is the absorbing record of a great neurologist's experiences, visions and dreams, told with richness and fervor. Doctors (and others) will also like *Stretchers* by F. A. Pottle (Yale. $3. Nov.), *Quacks of Old London* by C. J. S. Thompson (Lippincott. $4. Mar.), and *Mrs. Eddy* by Edwin F. Dakin (Scribners. $5. Sept.). Two fine biographies for lawyers are *For the Defense* by Edward Marjoribanks (Macmillan. $5. Nov.) and *Edward Coke* by Lyon and Block (Houghton. $5. Nov.). A biography of interest to artists is *The Life and Letters of Joseph Pennell* by Elizabeth R. Pennell (Little, Brown. 2 vols. $10. Nov.).

Women will enjoy most of these books or you may select for them *A Victorian Village* by Lizette Woodworth Reese (Farrar and Rinehart. $3. Aug.), a poet's fragrant record of her youth, with wood-cut illustrations; *Horace Walpole and Mme. Du Deffand* by De Koven (Appleton. $3. Nov.); *Colonel William Smith and Lady* by Katharine Roof (Houghton, Mifflin. $5. June); *Grandmother Brown's*

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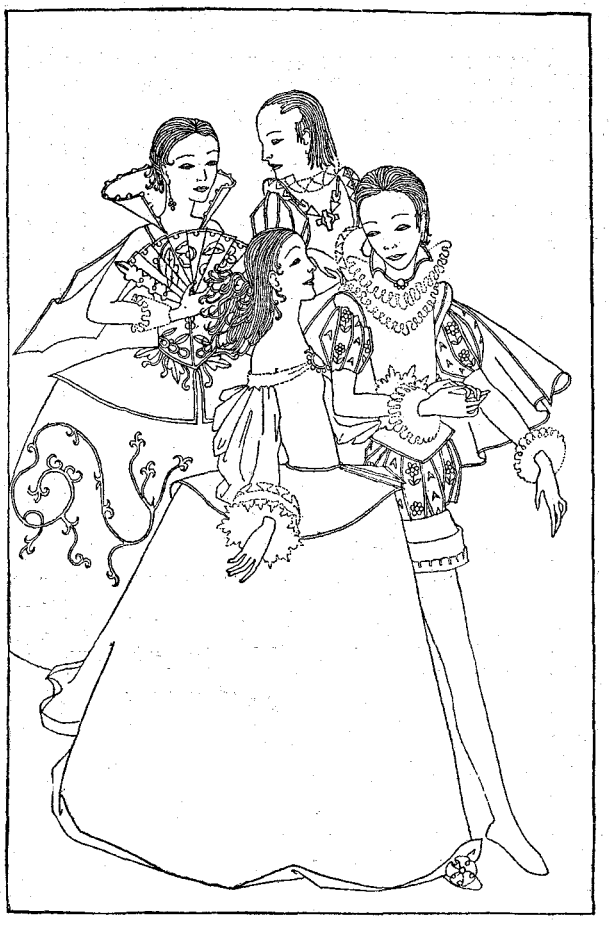
Hundred Years by H. C. Brown (Little, Brown. $3. Oct.), particularly good for one of the Browns; *Memoirs of Old Immigrant Days in Kansas* by Mrs. Orpen (Harper. $3.50. Mar.); *Charlotte Corday* by Marie Cher (Appleton. $2.50. Feb.); *Life Ebb and Flow* by the Countess of Warwick (Morrow. $5. Oct.); or, for the woman difficult to please, *The House of Memories* by Barbara Wilson (Dial. $3. Dec.), an Englishwoman's charming book about her life in France, delicate, witty and tender.

Next come the books of miscellaneous classification. In addition to the biographies listed above, you might select for any minister on your list *Catholicism and Christianity* by Cadoux (Dial. $6. Sept.), *The Life of Prayer* by von Hugel (Dutton. $2. June.), or *Christian Unity* by G. J. Slosser (Dutton. $5. Aug.). Editors, educators, ministers, judges and statesmen in esse or in posse would enjoy and profit by *Men and Machines* by Stuart Chase (Macmillan. $2.50. June), *You Can't Print That* by George Seldes (Payson and Clarke. $4. Apr.), *Rope and Faggot* by Walter White (Knopf. $3. Apr.), *The Ordeal of This Generation* by Gilbert Murray (Harper. $3. Aug.), *The Modern Temper* by Joseph W. Krutch (Harcourt Brace. $2.50. Apr.), or *Our Business Civilization* by James T. Adams (Boni. $3. Dec.). Educators would appreciate *The Aims of Education* by A. N. Whitehead (Macmillan. $2.50. May). And to business men, if you dare, you might give *A History of Financial Speculation* by R. H. Mottram (Little, Brown. $4.). Any friend who is an amateur of the plastic arts will be delighted with Voltaire's *Candide,* with Rockwell Kent illustrations (Random House. $5. Nov. Book-club sel.), or with *God's Man,* a novel in woodcuts by Lynd Ward (Cape and Smith. $2.50. Nov.), or with *The Frescoes of Diego Rivera,* the Mexican painter of the industrial revolution (Harcourt Brace. $10. Dec.). Another book on Mexico, difficult to place but sure to please, is *Idols Behind Altars* by Anita Brenner (Payson and Clarke. $5. Nov.). Architects and lovers of France will like *Romanesque France* by Violet Markham (Dutton. $7. Apr.); and *The Gothic North* by Sacheverell Sitwell (Houghton, Mifflin. $5. Oct.) will delight mediaevalists. Frequent purchasers of antiques may be assisted by *Genuine Antique Furniture* by Arthur DeBles (Crowell. $6. Aug.). Folklorists will be interested in *Witches Still Live* by Theda Kenyon (Washburn. $3.50. Oct.), and young and old lovers of negro folk tales will rejoice in *The Tree Named John* by J. B. Sale (University of North Carolina. $2. Fall), an enchanting Uncle Remusish book. Lovers of adventure in far places will enjoy *Jungle Gods* by Hoffman (Holt. $3.50. Mar.), *Travels in the Congo* by André Gide (Knopf. $5. Mar.), *Twelve Days* by V. Sackville West (Doubleday, Doran. $3. Feb.), *Carl Akeley's Africa* by M. L. J. Akeley (Dodd, Mead. $2. Nov.), and *Bushwhacking* by Sir Hugh Clifford (Harper. $3.50. May.). *The Theatre* by Sheldon Cheney (Longmans. $10. Oct.) will interest lovers of the stage. If you give books to writers you might choose *Dime Novels* by Edmund Pearson (Little, Brown. $3. Nov.), *A Room of One's Own* by Virginia Woolf (Harcourt Brace. $2. Nov.), or *Aspects of Biography* by Andre Maurois (Appleton. $2. July). And the most stimulating volume of what we must call for want of a better description, popular literary criticism, *Why Janet Should Read Shakespeare* by Norman Hapgood (Century. $3. Oct.), will please a whole family. Gardeners will admire *China, Mother of Gardens* by E. H. Wilson, keeper of the Arnold Arboretum (Stratford. $10. Apr.). Nature lovers will like *Wild Honey* by Samuel Scoville, Jr. (Little, Brown. $3. Oct.), a book for all lovers of birds, weather, trees and beautiful English. And a "naturist's" book of war memories which we have already recommended successfully to eleven people is *The Wet Flanders Plain* by Henry Williamson (Dutton. $2. Nov.). If you want a funny book for a difficult friend, you can't do better than *How to be a Hermit* by Will Cuppy (Horace Liveright. $2.50. Oct.).



One of Pamela Bianco's drawings in "The Birthday of the Infanta" by Oscar Wilde (Macmillan)

A good choice for friends who enjoy poetry is *A Book of Sonnet Sequences,* edited by Peterson (Longmans. $3.50. Aug.), or *The Further Poems of Emily Dickinson* (Little, Brown. $2.50. Mar.), or a brand new anthology, *Twentieth Century Poetry,* edited by Drinkwater, Canby and Benèt (Houghton, Mifflin. $4. Dec.). As a substitute for Christmas cards you might select the most recent additions to the ninety-five cent Modern Library, Havelock Ellis's *Dance of Life,* Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales,* or *An Anthology of American Negro Literature.* And if you are bound to give some one a Christmassy volume, we suggest *Come Christmas* compiled by Lesley Frost (Coward-McCann. $2.50. Dec.), a pleasant collection of verse and prose from Gregory the Great to G. K. Chesterton, which contains, among other things, our choice for the most beautiful English poem, Crashaw's *Shepherds' Hymn,* and has holly and Waits on the cover, but no index.

Fiction is hard to select for other people. We are always amazed by blithe buyers of any novel for any old invalid or traveler. Beyond saying that the appetite of any glutton for detective stories will be satisfied by *The*

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Omnibus of Crime, edited by Dorothy Sayers (Payson and Clarke. $3. Sept. A book-club sel.), we can only help you by dividing a few novels into arbitrary groups. For serious readers who demand mental stimulus from fiction, which it may furnish either by its perfection of style or by its presentation of unusual ideas and problems, we suggest *The Persians Are Coming* by Bruno Frank (Knopf. $2. Mar.), *The Wave* by Evelyn Scott (Cape and Smith. $2.50. Aug. Book-club sel.), *The True Heart* by Sylvia T. Warner (Viking. $2.50. Feb.), *The School for Wives* by André Gide (Knopf. $2. Sept.), *Swift As Any Dream* by Elizabeth S. Sargent (Harper. $2.50. Oct.), *The Count's Ball* by Raymond Radiguet (Norton. $2.50. Dec.), *I Thought of Daisy* by Edmund Wilson (Scribners. $2.50. Sept.), *Fugitive's Return* by Susan Glaspell (Stokes. $2.50. Nov.). For lovers of historical romance, we recommend *Vivandiere* by Phoebe F. Gaye (Horace Liveright. $2.50. June), *Crouchback* by Carola Oman (Holt. $2.50. Oct.), or *The Whirlwind* by William S. Davis (Macmillan. $2.50. Oct.). For those who like adventure stories, we suggest *Tomorrow Never Comes* by R. L. Duffus (Houghton, Mifflin. $2.50. May), and *Courts of the Morning* by Buchan (Houghton, Mifflin. $2.50. Aug.). For the tender minded who shock easily, you had better confine yourself to *The Good Companions* by J. B. Priestley (Harper. $3. Nov. A book-club sel. and a grand, gay book), *Homeplace* by Maristan Chapman (Viking. $2. Aug.), *Young Entry* by M. F. Farrell (Holt. $2.50. Feb.), or *Hans Frost* by Hugh Walpole (Doubleday, Doran. $2.50. Oct.). Those who can read unrelieved tragedy with pleasure when it is beautifully written will delight in *Ultima Thule* by H. H. Richardson (Norton. $2.50. Sept. Book-club sel.). And the average novel reader (average does not mean sub-normal in taste or abnormal in sensitivity to problems) will enjoy *Hudson River Bracketed* by Edith Wharton (Appleton. $2.50. Nov.), *Dodsworth* by Sinclair Lewis (Harcourt. $2.50. Mar.), *Prima Donna* by Pitts Sanborn (Longmans. $5. Feb. Book-club sel.), *Expiation* by "Elizabeth" (Doubleday, Doran. $2.50. Feb.), *Gardens of This World* by H. B. Fuller (Knopf. $2.50. Sept.), *The Galaxy* by Susan Ertz (Appleton. $2.50. Aug.), and *Joseph and His Brethren* by H. W. Freeman (Holt. $2.50. Jan. Book-club sel.).

This list by no means exhausts the good books of the year. Please remember that we have tried to omit best sellers, not because they are not worthy of inclusion, but because your friends are likely to have them already.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta.* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* MARSHALL FIELD & CO., *Chicago;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon.*

Fiction

A Farewell to Arms, by Ernest Hemingway: Scribners. No one interested in the course of contemporary literature will miss this fine novel. The scene is the Italian front during the World War. Reviewed Oct. 16.

Hudson River Bracketed, by Edith Wharton: Appleton. A warmly human story of young genius in New York marked by brilliant analysis. Reviewed Nov. 20.

All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque: Little, Brown. A searching and sensitive story of the World War. Reviewed June 5.

The Good Companions, by J. B. Priestley: Harpers. A solid tale of strolling players in England, full of sentiment, sense and fun. Reviewed Oct. 16.

Whitcoaks of Jalna, by Mazo de la Roche: Little, Brown. Another vivid story of the Whiteoaks family which solves some of its problems. Reviewed Sept. 11.

Non-Fiction

The Tragic Era, by Claude Bowers: Houghton, Mifflin. A vigorous, careful and dramatic study of the Reconstruction. Reviewed Sept. 11.

Caught Short, by Eddie Cantor: Simon and Schuster. Comic relief for earthquake sufferers.

Queen Elizabeth, by Katharine Anthony: Knopf. Excellent and very readable study of the Virgin Queen. Reviewed Oct. 9.

Tidewater Virginia, by Paul Wilstach. Travels through the oldest part of Virginia with an experienced and delightful guide.

A Victorian Village, by Lizette Woodworth Reese: Farrar and Rinehart. One of the finest poets writes about the Baltimore of her childhood.

Behind the Blurbs

SOME TIME AGO we reached the age at which people ask us, "What do you think of the younger generation anyway?" At last we have found the answer. We simply repeat to them a bit of conversation overheard in the lunch room at the Art Students' League. She: "Have you read *The Well of Loneliness?*" He: "No, but I'm crazy about Rabelais!" ❧ ❧ ❧ *Sherman: Soldier, Realist, American*[1] is a biography for which a place has been waiting on a good many American library shelves. Sherman was something more than the man who led the march to the sea. He knew better what the war would involve, reasoned more clearly about how it should be conducted, than almost any of his contemporaries. For a clearer understanding of some phases of the war this book should be read—by Southerners as well as Northerners. It should also be read for its picture of a hard-headed but generous and kindly soldier, and for the clearness of its descriptions of battles and campaigns. ❧ ❧ ❧ If you want to know something of your remote origins, of what civilization is and how it began, read *Human History.*[2] It is an intensely interesting study of the development of man, who, in his primitive state, says this author, was neither cruel, quarrelsome nor selfish. These traits are the result of his culture. Every step forward has bound man in a network of tradition from which he must free himself before the next step is possible. And ever since Greece "human history has been a conflict between the rationalism of Hellas and the superstition of Egypt." This writer's reading of the motives and beliefs which lie behind some of the rites practiced by primitive man—and still practiced in a modified form today—seems to us much more logical and credible than other interpretations we have read. ❧ ❧ ❧ *The Travels of Baron Munchausen* is the third book of the Limited Editions Club. John Held, Jr., has done the illustrations. ❧ ❧ ❧ *Casanova* has been squeezed into one vol. by Madeleine Boyd as a new addition to The Modern Library. We can't help feeling that a good deal of the juice has been squeezed out. ❧ ❧ ❧ Another addition to this series is Van Vechten's *Peter Whiffle.* And a third is a representative collection of Negro literature—stories, essays and poems. An excellent and interesting book. ❧ ❧ ❧ At 79, Dan Beard, who has probably done more than any other man to interest Americans in outdoor life, has just published his 17th book for boys: *Buckskin Book for Buckskin Men and Boys.* ❧ ❧ ❧ Another item for the air-minded is *How to Fly,*[3] by an instructor in the naval Flight School at Pensacola. It covers pretty well everything that the beginning pilot will want

1. By B. H. Liddell-Hart: Dodd Mead $5.00.
2. By G. Elliot Smith: Norton $5.00.
3. By Barrett Studley: Macmillan, $3.00.

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to know, short of what he gets through actual instruction, and a good many things interesting to those who while looking into the air still prefer to keep their feet on the ground. ☙☙☙ If the increasing number of translations from Danish, Norwegian and Swedish during the past few years has aroused your interest in what Scandinavian writers are really accomplishing, you will find a very good account in *Scandinavian Literature,*[4] which discusses the literary developments in those parts since 1870. ☙☙☙ *The Theatre Guild*[5] gives a record of that organization's activities during its first ten years. Its history is written by Walter Prichard Eaton, and there are articles by Theresa Helburn, Philip Moeller, Maurice Wertheim, Helen Westley, Lawrence Langner and Lee Simonson. ☙☙☙ You are very hardboiled indeed if you are not moved, and deeply moved, by the story of Tolstoy's life in *Tolstoy: The Inconstant Genius.*[6] This book was received too late for a detailed review, but we have read most of it and find a maturely thought out and sympathetic picture of the man—rather than of the writer or the philosopher—presented with dignity, imaginative understanding and considerable charm of style. ☙☙☙ Neither hunger, sleep, nor shouts of "Fire!" will cause you to lay down *The Best English Detective Stories of 1928*[7] until the last page is turned. It's by far the best collection we've seen in a season when collections are as the sands of the sea for number. Incidentally, there's a very good introduction by Father Ronald Knox defining the scope of the mystery story as distinguished from the shocker. ☙☙☙ As a result of the publication of his *Carry Nation,* recently serialized in the Outlook, Herbert Asbury has been accused by a Kansas newspaper of being subsidized by anti-prohibitionists. A charge familiar to anyone who expresses himself publicly as even slightly out of sympathy with the 18th Amendment. Mr. Asbury has demanded an apology,—not however for the second part of the accusation, which states that he wrote the biography in order to make money for himself and his publisher. We wonder if the newspaper in question is distributed free. ☙☙☙ Egon Friedell's

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4. By H. G. Topsöe-Jensen: Norton, $3.50.
5. Brentano, $4.00.
6. By Alexander I. Nazaroff: Stokes, $5.00.
7. Selected by Knox and Harrington: Liveright, $2.50.

Children's Books for Christmas

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

THE conscientious book-adviser, faced by the largest and in certain respects the best output of books for young people prepared for an American Christmas, and forced to report thereon within the space of a couple of columns, will waste no time upon generalizations and spend little in what might be called literary criticism. He sees too clearly—or at least I see—a host of parents flustered by profusion of choice and by the common practice of leaving bookbuying, the pleasantest kind of Christmas shopping, to the last as a reward for doing one's scrambling early. Just as these parents so often ask me for "worthwhile" books for their own reading, "books with something *in* them," that from such a list they may choose a book whose type of "something" interests them, so now they would like some one who has gone through all the new children's books to point out a reasonable number from which, in respect to "something in them," choice is safe. I am making no attempt to name all the season's books that so qualify; fortunately there are this year too many such books for a brief review. There are, also, of course, plenty of empty and perfunctory books for children, plenty that mean well and have not the secret, but there are also enough with high vitamin content to make it worth while getting together several for a rapid survey.

This vitamin content has nothing to do with size, price, or the age for which the book is written. *Pocket Handkerchief Park,* by Rachel Field (Macmillan), is so small it would not tax the tiniest hand; it is the story of a city lot that became a park because a merry-go-round, a balloon-seller and the neighborhood children adopted it, and of the campaign that saved it from builders. That touches the spot with any city child; the colored pictures are spirited. Another of the same size is *The Tiger's Mistake,* by Walter Skeat, in Macmillan's Little Library, brought back after years out of print; it is Malay tales with a Mouse-deer in the place of Brer Rabbit. In *Sally Gabble and the Fairies,* by Miriam Clark Potter (Macmillan), a woman actually does what every little girl has at some time believed possible—she catches a fairy in a trap and keeps her for a pet, and there are completely convincing pictures to prove it. *Spin, Top, Spin* (Macmillan) is an Elsa Eisgruber picture classic, with groups of Chinesish German babies playing so vigorously that one's spirit plays along with them. *The Funny Thing,* by Wanda Gag (Coward, McCann), is quite as droll and unexpected as her *Millions of Cats* (Coward, McCann), and like that overnight classic makes one flowing continuity out of handlettered text and brilliant decorations. *The Wonder City* by Lois Lenski (Coward, McCann), shows New York as it appears to two little children on a visit, in bright drawings with very little text. *Miki,* by Maud and Miska Petersham (Doubleday Doran), works upon me like a kind of dream of home; a little boy who has been told a great deal about Hungary goes there himself, but to a sort of magical Hungary such as parents remember when they talk to their children. The pages blaze with color and bounce with joy; if you should think the incidents overdrawn, they have confirmation in *The Adventures of Andris,* by Elizabeth Jacobi (Macmillan), an author who lives in Budapest and has used much the same local customs and conditions in this color-illustrated book for children a trifle older than Miki.

Books begin before reading; *Sally's ABC* (Harcourt Brace) is taken by Dugald Stewart Walker from a sampler of 1790; he has lovingly embellished it with blue and white drawings of Sally's life and surroundings. The distinctive art of J. Paget-Fredericks lends to the decoration of his poems, *Green Pipes* (Macmillan), where delicate figures seem sometimes, as in *The Snow Fairy,* such delicate fantasies in type-ornament as Frederic Warde creates. *Singing Time,* by Satis Coleman and Alice Thorn (Day), is a book of songs for home or kindergarten, very short, very simple, and very easy for mother to play—some of them needing no accompaniment at all. Latest and in some ways loveliest of all, William Nicholson's *The Pirate Twins* (Coward, McCann) rushes in just in time for children's week; a picture-and-story book that will be here as long as his priceless *Clever Bill,* and that means a long, long time.

These are for little children; just

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where the audience begins for Rachel Field's *Hitty: Her First Hundred Years* (Macmillan), it would be hard to say, and I see no reason for its ending anywhere. Here is another book to stay; the incredible and convincing adventures of a wooden doll made in Maine a century ago, adventures including shipwreck, desert islands, being made into an idol in a temple, high society in New York, and a present temporary rest in an antique shop.

Animal stories go all the way with the child; this year they go of their own accord, without an air of being pushed into being by the demands of the market. Standing by itself is one of the most unusual and satisfactory books of the year for little children, *Little Black Stories for Little White Children,* by Blaise Cendrars (Payson and Clarke). When this came out in Paris year before last—at first it was sold along with three others in a bundle for children to take to the country—I brought it home and shouted to all who would hear, my hope that some one would give this to American children in a proper dress, and here it is, dress and all. The woodcuts, by Pierre Pinsard, are African grotesques full of action and fun; the stories are jungle wisdom, direct in appeal, calling out to the reader in large black type. *Karoo, the Kangaroo,* by Kurt Wiese (Coward, McCann), is the story of a baby who loses his mother and finds her again; I defy any one, old or young, not to be a little the better for the pull this will make on his emotions. It seems to have the essence of babyhood, the quality that made Kanga and Baby Roo the most touching of Christopher Robin's animals. Eric Fitch Dalglish continues his series of books of woodcuts with descriptions, *Animals in Black and White* (Morrow), with *Fishes and Sea Animals* and *Reptiles;* I was a trifle uneasy about the latter, his *Larger Beasts* being so realistic, but he has used the lovely coils and traceries of his reptiles to such decorative effect that the most nervous child could, it seems to me, make its first acquaintance with snakes in no more quieting fashion.

Growing somewhat older, one has *A Book of Animal Tales,* collected by Stephen Southwold from literature, history, myth and the bestiaries, a big book for a family. *Galahads and Pussycats,* by Wilhelm Speyer (Cape and Smith), is a fine story of the third grade in a German boy's school and its organized crusade to save the cats of the village from extermination during a hydrophobia scare. The school spirit and the character of the boys are finely realized, but I wish he had left out the description of how the cats would have been beaten to death in sacks if the crusade had not been successful: it would make some children somewhat sick and could have been taken for granted without injuring the admirable story. *Tim Towser,* by Robert Joseph Diven (Century) is a fox-terrier in Alaska whose companions are grizzlies and Indians; *Black Storm,* by Thomas Hinkle (Morrow), is an outlaw horse of the Kansas Hills who loves one man. Then come the wild animal stories, leading to the age when conservation of wild life appeals to the reader: Ernest Baynes tells in *Warwhoop and Tomahawk* (Macmillan) how he actually broke two buffalo calves to harness and drove them contentedly to the admiration of many audiences. *Silver Fox* by Vance Joseph Hoyt (Lothrop), describes the taming of one of these wildest of creatures, so that he became a house guest on his own terms. *The Last Stand of the Pack,* by Arthur Carhart and Stanley Young (Sears), is a grand story for boys about the work of extermination of wolves of the prairie. They must go, these old killers who make their stand one by one against civilization, but the men who overcome them learn to respect them and write about them here with respect. Alida Sims Malkus, in her novel *Timber Line* (Harcourt, Brace), takes her stand with the animals in the person of her heroine, sixteen-year-old daughter of a forest warden who is himself making something of a stand against encroaching civilization.

This brings us to the books for those who wear "junior sizes" in clothes, books in which there has been great improvement of recent years. There was indeed plenty of room for improvement in this line. But now they overlap books for grown-ups, and may rightly be judged, in some instances at least, by the standards of literature in general rather than those of "juvenile literature." *Courageous Companions,* by Charles J. Finger (Longmans), is a book for boys, but I read it with mounting enthusiasm because it is a brilliant evocation of the days of Magellan and of the spirit in which adventurers went round the world, with the magic that may lie in words well used. *The Jumping Off Place,* by Marion Hurd McNeely (Longmans), is the story of a young family that took up land in the Dakotas; but for being more joyful, it is to high-school age what Hamlin Garland's *Middle Border* reminiscences are to adults. The best anthology of love-stories that I have seen for old or young—and it is a type of anthology often attempted—is one for girls, Helen Ferris's *Love Comes Riding* (Harcourt Brace). The literary quality of these stories is uncommonly high and well sustained, but the feature that most impresses me is their extraordinary diversity. Love comes riding from every point of the compass and in as many guises as there are stories, and every time there is a lift to the story. Girls cannot (and should not) be stopped from reading love-stories in the later teens; unless good ones are provided other kinds will be found only too readily accessible; this is a book with which to be provided. *The Commodore,* by Charles G. Muller (Harper), involves young love in an amusing high-pressure summer-resort where boat-racing is the favored sport. *The Gallant Lallanes,* by Louise H. Guyol (Harper), lose their money and try to make more in various ways, a theme always attractive in the teens. *Janet's Tea House,* by Josephine Osborn (Appleton) earns money by this means, and has additional excitement: the tea-house theme is another that catches the young financial mind. *Mr. Hermit Crab,* by Mimsy Rhys (Macmillan) stands by itself among the books of the year, the work of an English thirteen-year old since grownup and living in the United States. I do not in general care for books by children, and can in every case tell precisely why I do not care. But this one is different; the story dances with energy and the savor is that of a child's bubbling interest in romance and adventure as it affects the incomprehensible conduct of grown-ups. *Mr. Hermit Crab* is a young man and his adored is a young lady, but the course of their courtship is helped or hindered, but always diversified, by two little girls in pinafores and combs like Alice in Wonderland—whom without too much stretching they might well be said to resemble. Another book hard to place is *The Adventures of Tommy* (Stokes), which H. G. Wells wrote to relieve the strain of enforced inactivity during convalescence; they gave him a box of paints and he broke loose, as any one who has seen *Boon* and its illustrations might have known he would do. The result is a droll picture book with what looks like the first chapter of a story for

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a little boy. Wells collectors will, of course, have to have it.

Edith Ballinger Price writes good mystery stories: this time, in *The Luck of Glenlorn* (Century), she places the action in Scotland, beginning with an unusually good presentation of Edinburgh, from Holyrood to its sinister wynds and back-alleys. *The Treasure of the Chateau,* by Clifton Lisle (Harcourt Brace), is a mystery presumably for boys though girls will read it; two youths on a walking tour in France meet a man trying to put back a stolen statue, and before it gets back everything possible happens. *Chestnut Court,* by Mabel Tynell (Harper), is an excellent mystery for girls, also laid in France, in an ancient court with a chestnut tree, in Paris where an English girl has made friends with all the neighbors.

There has been a decided improvement in biography for young people since that for older readers began to take the place in popular favor formerly held only by fiction. Indeed the best for children is scarcely to be distinguished from that for their parents, fortunately for both; *A Daughter of the Seine,* for instance, a life of Madame Roland prepared by Jeannette Eaton for the teens (Harper), is not only an honest treatment of her career but one in which the background of the period is thrillingly alive. *Andrew Jackson, the Fighting President,* by Helen Nicolay (Century), is as good a life as any one could ask for leaving the reader with a strong sense of his personality and a clear idea of his times, and Flora Warren Seymour has done well by her hero in *The Boy's Life of Kit Carson* (Century). *Amundsen,* by Bellamy Partridge (Stokes), is a strong, spirited life story of a hero. These "boy's lives" and others of this sort are shorter than "standard" biographies, and in general move more swiftly from one high spot to another, but they do not take so much for granted as the fictionized type until lately so popular with adult readers—it is still popular enough, heaven knows, but is being flooded out by over-production. Travel books keep coming, the most ingenious being the account, in *A Boy Scout Round the World,* by Palle Huld (Coward, McCann), of how a boy was sent by the Danish newspaper *Politiken* to beat the record of Phileas Fogg and did so by cutting it almost in half. This is most valuable for its proof of the resourcefulness of a boy on his own in some of the author's statements—but foreign lands. *Marco Polo Junior* (Century) is Harry Franck's first travel book for the young, telling how an American boy went with his father and mother to China and lived in various parts of the country for a year. *Sally in South Africa,* by Gulielma Day Orr and Henrietta Schiele (Century), takes a fifteen-year-old girl on a trip there, and involves a stolen diamond plot. I must not leave out the grand-ancestor of travel-books, *Herodotus,* which now appears in a condensed version for young people (Doubleday Doran), with pictures in which Boris Artzibacheff permits himself to poke discreet fun at some of the author's statements—but then Herodotus must have grown used to such pokes by this time. A book that I am glad to read and to own the successor of V. M. Hillyer's *Child's History of the World,* his new *Child's Geography of the World* (Century). I feared for this book; when it was announced, it did not seem possible that geography could be rescued from its customary treatment as successfully as history was in the earlier book—but it is, it really is, and a parent with plans for his child's school future will do well to give him this book before he goes far in school. It may change his attitude to geography and, in time, to the cosmos.

Splendid Christmas Remembrances

What Do We Mean by God?
By C. H. Valentine

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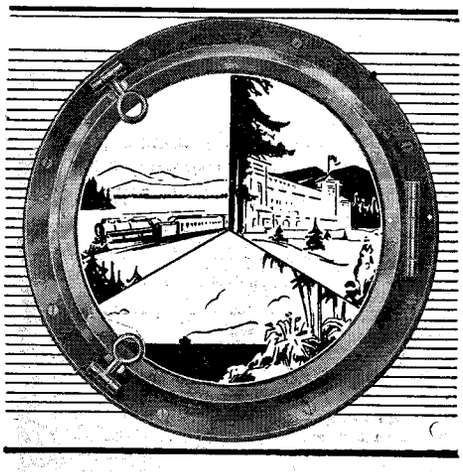

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

MUCH MOANING seems to have arisen over the Theatre Guild's latest production, Romain Rolland's *Game of Love and Death.* Another failure, murmur the moaners; referring, we presume, to *Karl and Anna,*—and a dull failure at that. The reasons for all of which will be exceedingly clear to any one who goes to the Guild Theatre these evenings and sees Rouben Mamoulian's presentation of M. Rolland's play.

For obviously, M. Rolland is no dramatist when it comes to writing dialogue. Instead, he remains a novelist; so that the first impression of the speech of the characters in this play of the French Revolution is much like that gathered from perusing such volumes of his as *Summer* and *Annette and Sylvie.* There is an air of literary innocence to which it takes some time to get accustomed. To make matters worse, throughout the first act most of the characters have a decided tendency to inform each other of things of which obviously everybody on the stage must already be well aware; so that their conversation sticks out as merely a device to inform the audience of what has been going on; so much so that no illusion, either of drama or reality, is produced. Rolland, himself, is unmistakably speaking and not his characters.

Once this difficulty is gotten over, nevertheless, matters begin to improve; and through the texture of the play there begins to shine the extraordinary spirit and perception of a writer who deals with the realities of the spirit so sincerely and so convincingly that even the most hardened cynic and materialist will find it difficult to leave the theatre anything but a confirmed romantic. Monsieur Rolland does this through a very simple story of the days of the Terror in Paris; the story of a young wife (married to an elderly husband) infatuated with a political refugee, who has sought refuge in her husband's house at the moment when the husband himself has at long last cried out in the Assembly against the murderous outrages of the Commune.

The drama rises to genuine heights and contains finally two memorable scenes—the husband closeted alone with Carnot of the Tribunal steadfastly refusing his freedom because of his convictions; and the husband and wife waiting by the fire for the ruffians of the Commune to come to take them to execution, both calm in the final resolving of their spiritual destiny on earth.

Such a scene as this last one is not to be lightly dismissed, whether or not the writing preceding it has been good theatre or not—and admittedly, it is not. It has values and strikes a balance of existence of which most dramatists are unaware. To call it dull and a failure offhand, is to be absurd. Indeed, so far as the Guild is concerned, we should say that the failure lay in entrusting a play of spiritual import to a man who saw in it apparently opportunities only for colorful melodramatic effects. The French Revolution marches outside every scene; but the characters themselves face God without any help from Mr. Mamoulian.

Meanwhile, that question of the new styles in dress rages all over again in *Fifty Million Frenchmen,* the Cole Porter show. Up and down the Paris of the modern tourist runs the exceedingly amusing story of this musical comedy, but always the chorus is trying to pour old wine into new bottles. And it simply can't be done. As an intelligent, exceedingly entertaining musical show, nevertheless, this is about the only blot on *Fifty Million Frenchmen.* Exceedingly naughty, of course, as becomes a Parisian show, it nevertheless contains the most amusing lyrics and some of the funniest scenes Broadway has witnessed this winter.

If you still wish romantic comic opera, there is the new *Silver Swan* at the Martin Beck Theatre. Here you can find the same old innkeeper, the Austrian officer's uniforms, the innocent intrigue, and all the good old paraphernalia, with the difference that this time Vivian Hart and Edward Nell achieve the almost perfect duet.

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"The Show of Shows"

ALL IN natural color and ranging in content from John Barrymore, in a scene from Richard III, to Sid Silvers, in an imitation of Al Jolson, *The Show of Shows* is nothing if not lavish.

Seventy-seven players of more or less note flit briefly or otherwise across its scene. Frank Fay is master of ceremonies. Beatrice Lillie appears in an all-too-brief segment of nonsense. Winnie Lightner sings a couple of songs. Such luminaries as Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Chester Morris, Irene Bordoni, Noah Beery, Ted Lewis and his band, Myrna Loy, Nick Lucas, Lois Wilson, H. B. Warner, Hobart Bosworth and Richard Barthelmess share in the activities.

One scene is devoted to real-life "sister acts," girls who have reached prominence on the screen as individuals, but are sisters in private: these include the Costello girls, Dolores and Helene; the Day sisters, Alice and Marcelline; Loretta Young and Sally Blane; Sally O'Neill and Molly O'Day; Viola Dana and Shirley Mason, and others less impressive.

In addition to the "big shots" and "names" (of whom we have mentioned only a few) there is a chorus of approximately the proportions of the A. E. F., a Democratic convention and the Cohens in the New York Telephone book. They do their bit by tap-dancing, toe-dancing, dancing up and down steps, drilling, singing, posing and just standing around.

Much individual excellence is displayed and there is a good deal of informal cameraderie that you can take or leave, as you please.

But the whole affair goes so far beyond that proper sphere of the motion picture that it's curiously unsatisfactory as entertainment, just as was *The Hollywood Revue* and other large, unwieldy screen musicals. The camera can't jump around fast enough to keep up with all that goes on. It can't present a comprehensive picture of a large stage spectacle unless it gets back up in the last row of nigger heaven, which is just the effect the audience gets in all the ensemble numbers. There seem always to be too many people trying to crowd the screen and they are all too far away to be interesting.

We can't believe that this type of screen entertainment will persist. It should be as transitory as "sound effects" or the theme song, of recent and unhallowed memory. The cost of such a tremendous splurge as *The Show of Shows* must be beyond all reason and we can't believe that its appeal can extend much beyond the type of filmgoer who thinks he is getting more than his money's worth by seeing and hearing a galaxy of movie notables on one screen. John Barrymore was extraordinary in his soliloquy. Beatrice Lillie was as funny as we have ever seen her; the ingratiating and effortless Frank Fay supplied many moments of excellent fun. The technical side of the show was admirable, as regards both sound reproduction and color reproduction.

But the real featured player of *The Show of Shows,* the Warner boys' bankroll, must be definitely charged with over playing its part, than which no sin more deadly is known to lovers of the drama be it screen, stage or real life, even in a land where a bankroll can do pretty much as it likes.

Mr. and Mrs.

NEXT WEEK'S issue will contain (precluding the possibility of accidents) a report on *The Taming of the Shrew,* in which Mr. Douglas Fairbanks and wife, of Beverley Hills, California, are said to appear jointly. Current reports have been holding that this piece was adapted for the screen by W. Shakespeare, and that he was unassisted in the task. God grant that this report is authentic. At any rate, we'll let you know next week.

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The Kiss: A silent one, in which Greta Garbo gets, as usual, a mediocre story. The direction is splendid.

The Love Parade: The incomparable Chevalier in a sometimes sparkling musical show, directed by Ernst Lubitsch.

The Trespasser: Gloria Swanson is O. K. in a class B. melodrama.

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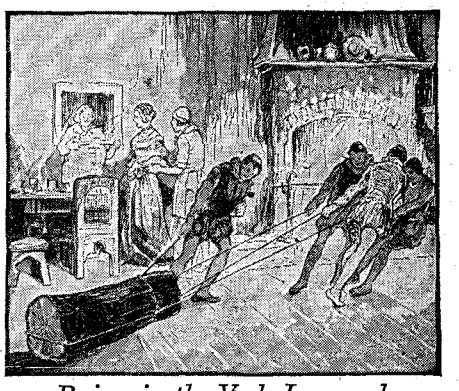

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Forecast

The Outlook and Independent Announces

"NOTHING IS MORE certain than that prohibition enforcement will steadily improve." Such at least was the assertion of the Rev. Dr. Clarence True Wilson in an interview recently published in the Outlook and Independent. Far be it from us to contradict the doctor. In the belief, however, that Dr. Wilson's views might be a trifle optimistic, we have ventured to conduct an independent investigation into one brand of prohibition enforcement. In the leading article of the next issue "We Serve on a Dry Jury," Henry F. Pringle, an editor of the Outlook and Independent, describes the attitude of the men who render the verdicts in prohibition cases. We note in passing that the hottest argument that Mr. Pringle heard during his term of service on a Federal jury was about the proper temperature for serving wine.

THOSE WHO ADMIRE the smartness of American naval officers will be surprised to learn how much scraping and saving is required to maintain their well turned out appearance. In "Sale, Navy, Sale" the wife of a naval officer, necessarily anonymously, discusses the parsimony of the Government in the matter of salaries and allowances. Salaries, she claims, are still the same as in 1908.

NOW THAT THE anti-noise campaign recently instigated by the New York *World* is well under way we take pleasure in announcing "Noise—a Senseless Evil" by Hiram Percy Maxim. Mr. Maxim, the inventor of the silencer named after him and an authority on the subject of noise, explains how a great deal of unnecessary din can be eliminated.

THE SEVENTH INSTALMENT of Mrs. Springer's biography of Mrs. Eddy recounts the events of the stormy period from 1878 to 1882. Although this interval was marked by the founding of the Church of Christ (Scientist) in 1879, the forces of malicious animal magnetism continued to plague Mrs. Eddy. She even claimed that her enemies caused Gilbert Eddy's death by mesmerism.

Edifice Rex

By ARTHUR STRAWN

Arthur Strawn is not an art critic, but a journalist whose hobby is art. Every third week, as a substitution for "Ivory, Apes and Peacocks," Mr. Strawn will offer objective personality sketches of important artists

WHILE on a painting trip through the Orient two years ago, Nicholas Roerich and his party camped one night in the Himalaya Mountains. Suddenly a horseman dashed into the camp, shouted a warning that bandits were hiding nearby to attack them next day, and swiftly disappeared. At the Naji Pass next morning armed men were seen lurking among the rocks. The party halted and Roerich, accompanied by his son and some Mongolian guides, advanced to parley with the bandits. Roerich, a medium-sized Russian of fifty-seven, with a bald head and a broad brow sloping down to a pointed chin, was attired in Tibetan costume. His small calm blue eyes, the cast and repose of his features and his short white forked beard give him a decidedly Oriental appearance. And when he addressed the bandits in their native tongue their hostility gave way to amazement and delight. Though recognizing him as a European, they promptly accepted him as a kindred spirit.

It is this same Nicholas Roerich in whose honor the recently completed Roerich Museum has just been dedicated in New York, the only museum in the world designed to preserve and glorify the paintings of a living artist. The museum building, a handsome, twenty-four story edifice on Riverside Drive, is also the world's first skyscraper palace of art. And when we recall that Nicholas Roerich first came to the United States, where he was all but unknown, less than ten years ago, we are compelled to rub our eyes at the sight of the monument raised to his glory.

The explanation lies more in his personality than in his paintings. His Buddha-like appearance, the dignity and simplicity of his speech, and his child-like faith that it is through art that the brotherhood of man is to be realized, all these combine to give one the impression of a seer devoted to the contemplation of a spiritual world of his own.

In his native Russia and in Europe, Roerich was a person of considerable importance. As editor of the *Iskusstva*, a magazine devoted to art, and as director of the Imperial Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts he wielded enormous influence. His paintings hang in many famous galleries, including the Louvre, the Luxembourg and the Victoria-Albert museums.

He left Russia following the outbreak of the revolution and first came to the United States for a series of exhibitions of his work under the auspices of the Chicago Art Institute. His pictures had previously been shown at the St. Louis World's Fair, but he had remained practically unknown here before his New York exhibition in the fall of 1920.

Roerich was so pleased at the enthusiastic reception he received then that he decided to remain in America and to carry on here the work he had been doing as a teacher in Russia. Accordingly, he rented a single room in the parish house of a New York church where he established the Master Institute of United Arts. There other teachers of painting, sculpture and music joined him in his effort to preach his theory of the universality of art. The lessons and lectures attracted a large following and the group soon established another organization called Corona Mundi, with the purpose of holding non-commercial exhibitions of art works. The room was outgrown and a house on Riverside Drive was acquired.

Roerich's institute, modeled after the one he had directed in Russia, was thriving when he left the United States in 1923 for a five year painting tour in the Far East. While Roerich was away the traveling exhibition of his paintings returned to New York after a two year journey through the country. Many of the pictures had been purchased for private and public collections and the remainder were to be placed on sale. Roerich's admirers determined to buy the canvases and establish a museum for their preservation. Accordingly, another house, adjacent the one on Riverside Drive, was purchased and converted into the Roerich Museum. This was followed shortly by a decision to erect the present edifice to house the two organizations founded by Roerich as well as the newly formed museum.

Only time can decide if the building of a museum in Roerich's honor represents a triumph of great art. But there is no doubt that this venture, unique in the history of art, represents the triumph of a remarkable personality.

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Married

AT TWENTY-SIX he was married. Marriage was popular in those days. It was a house for one's respectability and a refuge from one's sins; invested with idealism, built on lofty phrases and shining with sentimentality.

But he knew nothing of all this. He was getting married for life to a girl of nineteen and feeling quite overcome with the beauty and excitement of emotion. She was only a child—he told himself that he would take care of her. Was she making a mistake?—he would see to it that she had made no mistake. She was lovely and desirable and he was filled with the confusion of love and desire. Marriage was a responsibility—yes, but he was used to responsibility. He was used to work. He had even been used to loneliness. He felt very old and equal to anything. He would take care of her and as he put the ring on her finger he hoped suddenly, fearfully, and choked on the fear, that he would make her happy.

* * * * *

At forty he had the chance of taking a new position. He had always been a clerk; the new position was that of clerk with a bigger company. If he accepted it, he would probably hold it for the rest of his life. He thought it over seriously and decided to make the change. The children were growing up. In a few years they would be alone together, he and she. He had never thought about being a great man, a successful man. He knew very well that this new position would give him the only opportunity he wanted out of life—to do the work that he was fitted for in order to provide for his secret happiness.

For he had learned during the past fourteen years that he possessed a secret happiness. He had watched the men who lived and worked about him and had come to the slow conclusion that his life was different from that of other men. Outwardly they were all alike. On the pleasant, sober street where he lived, family after family went through their daily routine with one face, had another face for work, and entertained their friends with still a third. He found himself watching for another—the face of their affections. But when he found it, he was baffled, for it was unlike his own. Believing his own, then, to be the exception, he had gradually learned to hide it; to see his emotional life as his secret happiness; to be half ashamed of enjoying what other men were denied.

For he had discovered, during the fourteen years that had led up to this time, the passion and companionship of marriage. And they were all that mattered to him in life.

* * * * *

At seventy, having held his new position creditably for thirty years, he was retired on a pension.

This was the day he had waited for. He had saved for this, and looked forward to it now during forty-four years, but always with a fear that he might lose her before the day arrived. He said good-bye to his desk, he looked for the last time at those familiar surroundings, and took the train for home. For the first time he was going home to her without the thought of parting. Life had treated him fairly, allowing them to live until this day.

As he looked back over his love for her, he saw all of it as a gradual unfolding, a slow comprehension of life leading to this day. From the beginning they had had a strange need of each other; through that need they had loved and come closer, they had quarrelled and come closer, they had laughed and wept over the same things; they had learned to be fair, to give up, and to forgive. All because they couldn't face life without the other. Out of that need they had created children. Out of their need to be lovers they had become friends. They had become one person. Every night during forty-four years they had held each other, one heart—one body. But every morning he had had to leave her. He would never leave her now, again.

* * * * *

At eighty, he became acquainted with terror. During all their lives they had known only one fear, and now it lifted its head to strike. She was ill—she was going blind—before long, she would die.

They did not speak of it to each other. He looked at her as though he saw only the suns of every day that had been their lives. She touched him as though she saw and spoke and lived through that touch.

He had always taken charge of their responsibilities, and he took charge now of their fear. In a thousand ways he reassured her. She was not alone. They had learned life together, they would learn what was beyond.

Through the days he never left her. At night he held her in his arms, sharing the darkness. And when the night came that was to be their last—when, in the morning, she would be taken from him to a hospital—he left her only long enough to open the gas jet, to cover door and windows, and return.

Holding her closer than ever, he lay with his secret happiness, moving with her towards a light no one could see.

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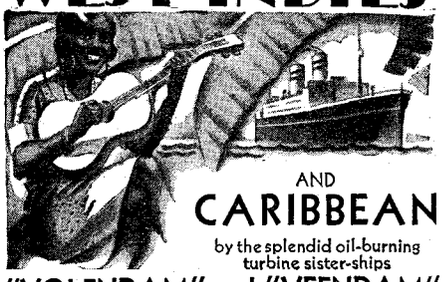

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Behold the Cloud

(Continued from Page 584)

her time. The suit brought by themselves and in their own folly bore all the marks of haste and fear." She did however have time to accompany the students to court.

The hearing of the case was set for May 14, 1878 the opening day of the Supreme Judicial Court in Salem, that same Salem Village where two centuries before, witches were tried and put to death. Georgine Milmine says that "Mrs. Eddy and Mr. Arens appeared under power of attorney for Miss Brown, attended by some twenty witnesses." The record shows that Mr. Arens presented the petition for a hearing on the complaint, and made an exposition of the case to Judge Horace Gray, who ordered that notice be served upon Mr. Spofford, and appointed Friday, May 17, for a hearing of the case. On Friday, the spectators who had assembled at the Salem Court House were disappointed. Mr. Spofford did not appear personally, but his attorney, Mr. Noyes, appeared for him, and filed a demurrer which was sustained by Judge Gray, who declared that it was not within the power of the Court to control Mr. Spofford's mind. An appeal was taken but was waived the following November.

In the fall of that year there occurred one of the strangest dramas in the whole history of Christian Science. As if witchcraft were not enough, fate now added a thriller in the form of a murder mystery. Some time in the third week of October, Boston newspapers carried a notice that Daniel Spofford had disappeared. The notice, inserted as an advertisement of missing persons, published a description of Mr. Spofford.

On October 29 Edward J. Arens and Asa G. Eddy were arrested for conspiracy to murder, and held in $3,000 bail for examination in Municipal Court on November 7.

The events which had preceded this arrest were as follows, according to evidence later offered in court. Early in October a rough-looking individual had presented himself at Daniel Spofford's office in Tremont Street bearing a card with Mr. Spofford's address which he had procured at Spofford's office in Newburyport. He introduced himself as James L. Sargent, a saloon keeper, and asked Mr. Spofford whether he knew two men named Miller and Libby. Mr. Spofford said that he did not. Sargent said, "Well they know you, and they want to get you put out of the way. Miller, the young man, says that you are going with the old man's daughter and he wants to marry her himself." He then explained that Miller and Libby had offered him five hundred dollars to put Mr. Spofford out of the way, and had paid him $75 in advance. He said that he wanted to get all the money he could out of it, but had no intention of "risking his neck," and so had already notified State Detective Hollis C. Pinkham, and asked him to watch the case.

This was quite true, as Detective Pinkham later testified at the trial. Sargent had told him the same story, as Mr. Spofford found in the call he immediately made upon Pinkham. Detective Pinkham said that he had not taken Sargent's story too seriously, as the man had a criminal record and he suspected that he was playing some game for the purpose of gaining favor with the police.

A few days later Mr. Spofford received a second visit from Sargent. He said that he had again seen Miller and Libby, and they were demanding action.

Their plan, Sargent said, was that he should drive Spofford out into the country on the pretext of taking him to treat a sick child; knock him in the head with a billy, entangle the body with the harness, then frighten the horse until it ran away, dragging the body so that the death would appear to have been an accident. He suggested that Mr. Spofford disappear, and offered to conceal him in his brother's house at Cambridgeport, while he collected the money from Miller and Libby.

Mr. Spofford alarmed, went to consult again with Detective Pinkham. It was decided to carry out Sargent's suggestion, Spofford to remain in hiding, leaving Pinkham to capture the plotters with Sargent's help.

On the fifteenth of October Spofford left Boston, and went to the house of Sargent's brother in Cambridgeport. Sargent testified in court that he had then informed Miller and Libby that he had made away with Spofford, and that he received a part of the money promised him. He testified that he had several subsequent interviews with Miller and Libby concerning the money, and Detective Pinkham working on the case testified that he had seen Sargent and Miller together in conversation on the Common, and that he had followed Miller to No. 8 Broad St., Lynn, the Eddy house. Chase Philbrick, a second detective employed on the case, also testified that he had seen Sargent at Eddy's house in Lynn, and that Sargent had tried to get in, but failed.

These witnesses identified Libby and Miller as Asa G. Eddy and Edward A. Arens, and a warrant was sworn out for their arrest.

Sargent had promised Mr. Spofford to drive out to Cambridgeport and give him news from time to time, but he failed to keep his promise, and Mr. Spofford, who had been in hiding for about two weeks, now returned to Boston, so that his reappearance came at about the same time as the arrest of Eddy and Arens, or may even have preceded it by a few days. The case came up for preliminary hearing and examination of witnesses on November 7. No stranger array of witnesses has ever thronged a courtroom.

Except for the detective Pinkham and Philbrick, Spofford himself, and Jessie MacDonald, the Eddys' housekeeper, the witnesses for the prosecution were as Mrs. Eddy afterward wrote, "convicts and inmates of houses of ill fame."

There was George Collier, the friend of Sargent, at that time out on bail and waiting trial "on several most unsavory charges." He corroborated Sargent's testimony to the effect that he had gone with Sargent to a spot in a freightyard where Sargent was to meet "the old man, Libby," identified as Asa G. Eddy; that he (Collier) had secreted himself in a freight car with the door partially open, and overheard the conversation between Sargent, Libby, and Miller.

Laura Sargent, sister of Sargent, and keeper of a disreputable house at No. 7 Bowker St. appeared as a witness for the state with her corroborating witnesses, a group of the "girls" from the house, all taking advantage of the occasion to exhibit their finery, and enjoying their importance in the proceedings enormously. Laura Sargent testified that Sargent had a room in her house, that she had seen Arens come there several times, and that Sargent had given her $75.00 to keep for him, and told her that he was going to his brother's in Cambridgeport.

Sargent testified that after the newspapers had published the notice of Spofford's disappearance, he told Arens that he had made away with the doctor at about half past seven in the evening, and that Arens had replied that he had known this, had felt it, as he had a way of telling such things that other people knew nothing of.

Sargent's bartender, John Smith, testified that he saw Arens in Sargent's saloon on four different occasions. James Kelly, another habitué of Sargent's haunts, testified to a conversation with Sargent in which the latter told him about the job he had on hand.

Jessie MacDonald, the Eddy housekeeper, testified that she had never seen

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Spofford but had overheard Mr. Eddy declare that Spofford kept Mrs. Eddy in agony and "that he would be glad if Spofford were out of the way." She said further that she had heard Mrs. Eddy read a chapter from the Old Testament which states that all the wicked should be destroyed.

Hollis C. Pinkham, the detective testified that Mr. Eddy in a conversation with him had denied having been in Sargent's saloon or meeting him in a freightyard, and that Arens had also denied ever having seen or known Sargent, even when confronted with him.

As this hearing was for the purpose of showing probable cause for suspicion, the defense offered no evidence.

Judge May announced that although the case was a very anomalous one, there was, in his opinion, sufficient evidence to show that the defendants should be held for the Superior Court. Bail was fixed at $3000 each, and the defendants bound over to appear at the December term of the Superior Court.

In December, the Grand Jury returned an indictment on two counts: The first, conspiracy to murder; and the second, hiring Sargent to "beat, bruise, wound, and evil treat" Spofford. The defendants were arraigned at the December term, and pled not guilty. The case was then continued to the January term.

The court record of the January term reads:

> This indictment was thence continued to the present January term, and now the District Attorney, Oliver Stevens, Esquire, says he will prosecute this indictment no further, on payment of costs, which are thereupon paid. And the said Arens and Eddy are thereupon discharged. January 31, 1879.

No memorandum was filed in the case which would give us the reasons for the discharge of the defendants. The dismissal of the indictment left them in the curious position of having offered no defense. In the Authorized Life, Miss Wilbur deplores this fact, and declares that "had the District Attorney of that day felt his whole duty" he would have thoroughly sifted the evidence, losing not a shred nor a tatter of it, "for his work was to piece together a fabric of evidence to match a fabric of guilt. The garment would have fit but one man and that man the criminal." She says that Mrs. Eddy "did not rest after the peremptory dismissal of the case, but remained active in the defense of her husband's honor, until every charge was privately examined and affidavits secured covering every point." She adds that the case "evidently had great villainy in it and it should have been made to appear," and that Mrs. Eddy did not hold Mr. Spofford directly responsible for involving her husband and "causing him to appear at the bar of justice in the company of thieves and women of ill repute," and that she believed him at most blindly acquiescent in a design which it was never in his heart to originate. But she did point out, without naming, one who had "motive and character for the instigation of the dastardly intrigue."

This apparently refers to Mrs. Eddy's statements in the third edition of *Science and Health,* published two years later in 1881, in which she sets forth a full exposition of the case, and points to Richard Kennedy as the chief conspirator.

"He had ample motives for the exercise of his demonology from the fact that a civil suit was pending against him for the collection of a note of one thousand dollars, which suit Mr. Arens was jointly interested in."

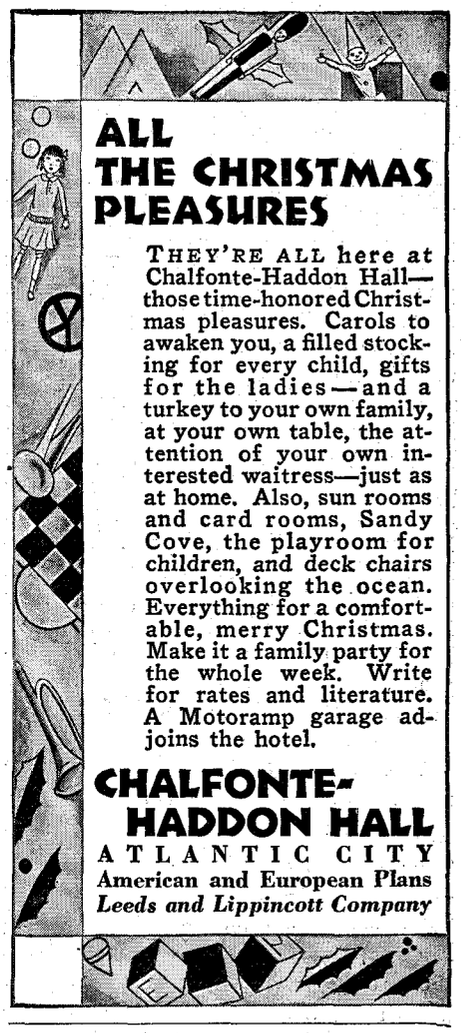
Since her suit against Richard Kennedy was still in the Courts, and since Kennedy was at all times the leading demonologist, the inference is clear.

Of the reasons which prompted the conspirators, she says:

"The purpose of the plotters was evidently to injure the reputation of metaphysical practice, and to embarrass us for money at a time when they hoped to cripple us in the circulation of our book. This is seen in the fact that our name was in any way introduced in the case when we were not implicated by the law and by the gospel."

In her exposition of the case Mrs. Eddy published the affidavits of Caroline Fifield and Margaret Dunshee, two students who state that at the time when Sargent and Collier swore that they were talking with Mr. Eddy in the freightyard in East Cambridge, Asa G. Eddy was in fact teaching a class in metaphysics at the home of David Grey, 43 Clifford St., Boston Highlands, an hour's ride away from East Cambridge in the slow horsecars of that day. Mrs. Eddy states that Mr. Eddy arrived home at about seven-fifteen that evening, and is supported in this statement by Mrs. Miranda Rice, her friend and faithful student, who was at No. 8 Broad St. with Mrs. Eddy when Mr. Eddy returned.

A hint of the state of the evidence which may have influenced District Attorney Stevens in his dismissal of the case is contained in a letter and affidavit also published in Mrs. Eddy's exposition. Both are from the witness George A. Collier, Sargent's friend who had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testified that he hid in the box car and overheard the conversation with the plotters.

The letter is dated Taunton, Dec. 16, 1878, and reads:

To Dr. Asa G. Eddy and E. J. Arens, —Feeling that you have been greatly ingured by false charges and knowing thair is no truth in my statements that you attempted to hire Sargeant to kill Daniel Spofford, and wishing to retract as far as possible all things I have sed to your ingury, I now say that thair is no truth whatever in the statement that I saw you meet Sargeant at East Cambridge or any other place and pay or offer to pay him any money; that I never herd a conversation between you and Sargeant as testified to by me. Whether Daniel Spofford has anything to do with Sargeant I do not know. All I know is that the story I told on the stand is holy faulse and was got up by Sargeant.

George A. Collier.

The affidavit contains the same statement.

Although the reverberations of this extraordinary case did not die down for several years, and it was in all probability the beginning of the trouble that later separated Edward J. Arens from the Eddys,—nothing more was ever known of it, and the whole affair remains, as all good mysteries should, a mystery.

(To Be Continued)

What Chance Has Mrs. Jones?

(Continued from Page 567)

with the seriousness of a Congressional committee, recently completed a survey of eighteen large cities, including Washington, Chicago, Cleveland and Los Angeles. Their summary stated, in part:

"The gist of reports received is unmistakably sanguine, with opposition almost negligible. . . . The majority of reports show sales on the increase, with the new styles definitely accounting for the improvement. [See!] Other informants find the new models need special selling on the part of the sales force, but the feeling is general that business is more hurt by the lack of the new styles than by their existence. Length, in no case, is a deterrent in sales."

Equally convincing testimony is offered by the Hahn Department Stores, Inc., a new retail chain with thirty stores outside New York, including such established ones as Jordan Marsh of Boston and O'Neill's of Baltimore. The buyers of these stores take their orders from the Hahn office in New York which zealously covers both the markets and the places where people go to be seen. They were warned of the new silhouette back in July and are currently being told to purchase nothing else. The customers in Michigan and Texas and Ohio and Florida are taking to it. A typical report declares Patou's "Tomorrow" is going over big in Grand Rapids. This is an extreme evening frock with a skirt even all the way around at the ankles.

The final direct attack which lands copies of "Tomorrow" and "Vagabond" and "Coupe de Foudre" (the French

Courtesy of Harper's Bazaar

Afternoon Costume, 1929

models boast names as fancy as race horses') in the home of Mrs. Jones of Grand Rapids is made by an army with a thousand battalions. First of all there is that Mrs. Whyte who always looks so stylish. Mrs. Whyte was the first woman in Grand Rapids to wear a hobble skirt; now she and her debutante daughter draw gasps of admiration as they appear in their well-made and well-chosen princess gowns. Dear Emily loves the new clothes even more than Mother. Never before had she realized you could feel so different. It's a new act. Emily's crazy about it. Mrs. Whyte, who has trim legs and has kept her figure, sighs a little; it had been pleasant to look younger than you were. But she sees Emily and her friends going pell mell for long skirts and realizes that to continue wearing them short is to advertise the fact that you are, after all, getting on.

Tremendously important, too, are the advertisements in the daily papers. For Mrs. Jones the newspaper is composed of fascinating advertisements surrounded by reading matter which is rather dull, except for the local scandal. The stores in some towns didn't dare push the new silhouette at first because they were afraid they couldn't get rid of their old things, but you don't catch the Bon Ton Department Store standing still. They had a great big ad about "Tomorrow" in the paper, and there it is in the window for $49.50. In the very dahlia purple the radio fashion lecturer said was the newest color.

Of course Mrs. Jones subscribes for the magazines. Not *Vogue* or *Harper's Bazaar,* which Mrs. Whyte takes, but the *Ladies Home Journal,* the *Woman's Home Companion* and *Delineator.* They're just full of the new clothes. Why look, the *Ladies Home Journal* even has patterns made right from the Paris dresses!

It happens that Mrs. Jones makes her own clothes. She is proud of the fact that, given a needle and a length of silk, she's always managed to get herself up pretty well. Three-quarters convinced, she is finally driven downtown by the sight of that upstart Mrs. Thompson next door, whose new high-waisted dress stole all the attention from the guest of honor at the Culture Club luncheon. Arriving in the silk department, Mrs. Jones finds it jammed. Elbowing her way through a crowd of women in the corner, she discovers that they are listening raptly to a very smartly dressed young woman, who is telling them just what the new fashions are, and how pretty they are, and how easy to make. She is charming, she is vivacious, she makes clothes exciting.

Look what a darling dress she's wearing. Did she get it in Paris during the trip she's just been telling about? No, it seems she represents a big silk company in New York and is traveling all over the country, giving talks like this in the stores. The Woman's Club wants her to speak too, and the sewing teacher in the high school hopes she'll lecture to the class. That dress is made from her company's silk and the very pattern, No. 4783, is

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right on the counter over there. So are bolts of the beautiful silks the young woman is showing in yard samples.

Mrs. Jones edges up when the friendly little talk is over and asks about these high waists. She's getting a bit plump. "Why you have just the right proportions to wear the princess line," the young woman reassures her. "Only don't get it too tight through the waist. I think a bloused effect would be best, and perhaps a bolero—" she is leafing expertly through a pattern quarterly— "this, for instance. No, I wouldn't advise blue. I can see it would be becoming to you, but green is smarter this season. Wouldn't you like this lovely emerald tone?" Mrs. Jones goes home with six yards of emerald flat crepe (four would have been enough last year) and is presently feeling happily superior to Mrs. Thompson and her ill-fitting ready-made.

Between Paris and Mrs. Jones are many hidden forces, quietly but ceaselessly working to break down what is known as her "sales resistance." The fabric people zealously pep up their salesmen over the new styles, for just making good silks isn't enough in these competitive days. "It's only a piece of silk, unless you visualize it for your customer in the finished costume," say fabric stylists to fabric salesmen. And so Mr. Daley, who has been selling silk for twenty-five years on the good old ground that it's pure dye and washable, has to learn how to pronounce the names of the French couturiers, how to skip lightly from Nineteenth century romanticism to modern art. He is wretched at first. Then he finds he can do it, that it pays in dollars and cents and yards, and he becomes very proud of his new knowledge.

The retail salespeople have to be wound up, too. If the store has a stylist, she does it. If not, it's a job for the buyer. The buyer and the stylist are bursting with information. They read *Women's Wear* religiously; they went to that fashion clinic in New York that charged $200 for a five day course; they get co-ordinating charts which show just what dress to wear, what corset to wear under it, what coat over it, the correct shoes, stockings, gloves and jewelry, and even the right accompanying tint of face powder; they get color cards and croquis and swatches and handsome booklets and broadsides and brochures from the textile manufacturers; they get regular style letters and advance bulletins from the fashion magazines.

Against this vast army, in which every rank from the commander-in-chief down to the private is so elaborately drilled, what chance has Mrs. Jones?

The Value of a Man

(Continued from Page 571)

price of an American close to $8,500 F.O.B. eighteenth birthday. Subsidiary expenses to maturity, educational and domestic, would justify striking a $10,000 value at the ballot box. Standard casualty insurance concurs in this valuation. This puts the value of our human wealth at $1,200,000,000,000. Six per cent on this investment runs to seventy-two billions a year. Then there is the matter of amortization, based on a life expectancy of fifty years, which would add twenty-four billions a year more to the income, making a total income on our human wealth of $96,000,000,000. This runs six billion dollars in excess of our actual income and makes no allowance for the 6 per cent due from our $360,000,000,000 capital investment—or $21,600,000,000. In other words, reckoning all values involved in our national economy, our income should run to $117,600,000,000 a year instead of $90,000,000,000. As it is we are reckoning on a mixed basis in which our national income can be explained only by the theory that we are obtaining no return on our economic investment—what we erroneously call our national wealth—or that we are destroying our human capital.

Let other economists state whether an increase in our buying power of an additional twenty-seven billion dollars would not mitigate our economic difficulties. Let sociologists say whether such an increase in our national income would not solve our principal social problems. Let bankers and politicians devise a means to give humanity a currency value. Why has no one done anything along these lines, in the face of our economic-social dilemma? Paradox No. 5.

The answer, naturally, is that such a procedure would be inflationary and that inflation isn't efficient. See how efficiently we were thumped on the nose when we "inflated" stock-values out of relation to currency and bank credit and see how the first effect has been to lessen the sales of our automobiles and other luxuro-necessities. See how the production of human wealth is now the most expensive and least rewarded type of investment. Look at the farmers ruined by bursting grain-elevators and bumper crops, look at our unemployed who can't find work because we now have the machinery to produce more than the world can ever want or use. We have seen our population growing and employment declining. We have seen industry producing more and cheaper goods with fewer men in less time. We have seen the same number of farmers with less land and fewer stock, producing more wheat, wool, corn, sugar, meat and milk. We have seen the railroads transporting more goods more rapidly and fewer people more expensively. And every year we have a million more people seeking the employment that will enable them to buy food and clothing and railway tickets. And we see that our national income does not sufficiently represent our wealth. We see our people, in whom industry, agriculture and transportation live and move and have their being, still shackled to an economic system based on metal and paper. This is the case for the humanization of industrial society. If we can't master efficiency, efficiency will master us. And if it is to be a choice between prosperity and statistics and between happiness and efficiency, why be efficient?

Behind the Blurbs

(Continued from Page 589)

Cultural History of the Modern Age will be pub. in the spring by Knopf. This book has caused an immense amount of controversy in Europe, and has gone through 12 German editions in two years. ✍ ✍ ✍ In order to interpret one race to another, an understanding of the viewpoint of both races is necessary. Dhan Gopal Mukerji, who has attempted with considerable success in several previous books to interpret India to America, is familiar with both Eastern and Western culture, and his latest book, *Visit India With Me*[8], is consequently unprejudiced on either side. A picture of contemporary Indian life and thought rather than a travel book, seen through the eyes of an imaginary American who Mr. Mukerji has invented for the better contrasting of racial points of view. ✍ ✍ ✍ An excellent gift book is *Legion*[9], the proceeds of the sale of which go to the British Legion, and which contains short unpublished pieces by Kipling, Bennet, Walpole, Galsworthy, Aldous Huxley, Rebecca West, Edith Sitwell and many others. It is full of good things. ✍ ✍ ✍

WALTER R. BROOKS.

8. Dutton, $3.00.
9. Doubleday, Doran, $7.50.

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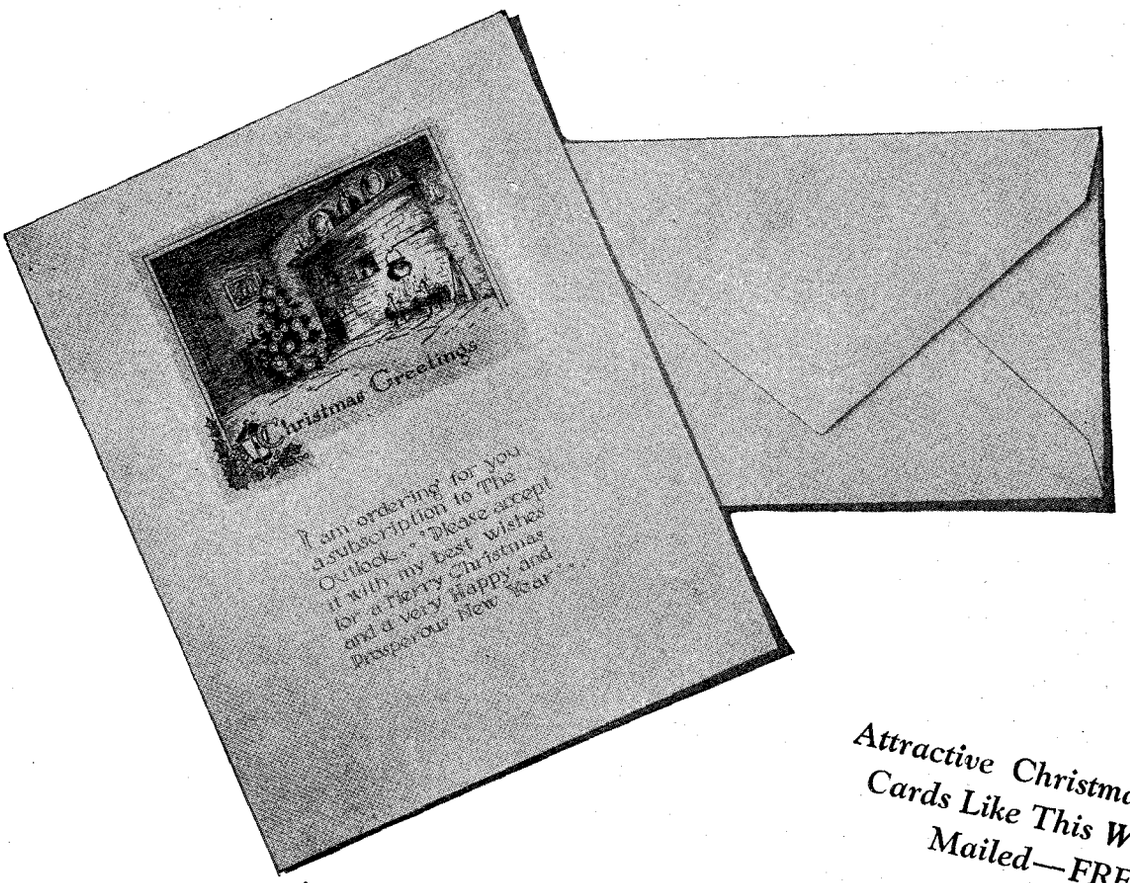
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With Our Readers

What Will Germany Do?

Florence, Italy

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

I have read with great interest the article by T. R. Ybarra, (Outlook October 16) "All's not quiet on the Western Front." Having just been in Germany for three months I am impressed with the potentialities of political conditions there, also with the difficulty of appraising them. The Germans have been led to play a game called "being a Republic." It's been a national concern with us for over 150 years and we still learn. In Germany the multi-party system seems a tremendous handicap,—many elections are due in December,—ten per cent of the voters have demanded a referendum —Dr. Stresemann is dead. All these factors make it seem that Germany's steps in the coming months will be most important, not only to Germany but to the world. Wouldn't it be of great interest to many, as it surely would to me, if you would have somebody who knows Germany—like Ybarra or Emerson, give us a resume of the background on which the pattern is now to be worked out? What of the Young plan? etc.

Arthur Henderson is quoted as saying "If Europe survives the crisis which the War left, it will be in a great measure because of the courage and determination which M. Briand has shown." It seems to me that when a Henderson can say "if" Europe survives, the conditions call for study by all of us—I hope we Americans may be able to be informed and contribute our share toward World Public opinion— I shall watch for my Outlook with even greater interest. . . .

BERNHARD HOFFMANN

About the Cardinal

West Roxbury, Mass.

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

Noting a letter in your issue of November 13 by Mr. Cullman criticising an article on Cardinal O'Connell in the October 23rd issue, I read "The Pope of New England" and heartily agree with Mr. Cullman. It is true that the author makes no direct charges against the Cardinal but carries along a continuous undercurrent of unpleasant insinuation.

While I am not a Catholic, I am a Bostonian of many generations and, like others of the old stock, take a certain local pride in the fact that the Archbishop of this archdiocese is not only a Cardinal but the highest ecclesiastic of the Roman Church in this country.

His Eminence, William, Cardinal O'Connell is a great prelate, a highly cultured gentleman and an honor to his high office, and should be treated with the respect that is due a worthy man who occupies his see with ability and dignity.

MRS. ALBERT T. LEATHERBEE

A Compliment

New Hope, Pa.

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

So far, I have not chanced upon a publication of pure gospel, throughout. Owing to fault or lack of my own and possibly also of others, I am unable to see all things precisely as others see them. That seems to be natural, and it may be fortunate.

I am attracted by certain traits of men and women, of magazines and other things. The traits of a magazine that appeal to me are those that indicate, on the part of its makers, intelligence, courage, and at least ordinary honesty. Finding these, I am not greatly concerned about the rest.

The Outlook and Independent obviously is a publication conducted with unusual intelligence, with decent courage, and in a spirit wholly free from hypocrisy. That is enough for me, with my modest greed for things of this world—or the next. But if I were finical enough to require more of the Outlook and Independent, it would be the assurances of a continuance of the weekly "Looking Forward" by Francis Rufus Bellamy.

RALCY H. BELL

The Divine Presence

Binghamton, N. Y.

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

"According to the Flesh" ought to be a needed contribution to our knowledge of one of the most remarkable women who ever lived,—Mary Baker Eddy. Mrs. Springer promises to be both vivid and reasonably judicial in the treatment of her subject.

In the Christian Science *Journal* for November, 1926, this statement appeared on page 492: "Her (Mrs. Eddy's) forward steps were always protected by her *overweening* sense of the divine presence, and the application to the situation of that understanding which was the direct object of her thought."

The editorial containing it, entitled "See Thou Tell No Man," was signed by Dr. Albert F. Gilmore, the editor. It was later reprinted *verbatim et literatim* in the *Herald of Christian Science* for May, 1927, so that the curious reader may find the passage in either periodical.

A friend of mine said it seemed an "un-Eddy-fying" statement, but he is not a Christian Scientist, and has no more knowledge of the mysteries of that faith than I have. Perhaps some member of the Christian Science Board of Publication, or the editor of the *Journal*, himself, could explain the passage with the proper weight of authority. Or may not Mrs. Springer's further account of the Discoverer and Founder throw some light on it?

GEORGE L. BRADLEE

The Ladies Object

New York City

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

The article in your number of November 6th entitled "Will Women Wear Them" meets with my unmitigated approval.

While I have never advocated or worn the extremely short skirt, I consider they are preferable to the present style that the modistes are trying to put over on the public, at least they are more comfortable and sanitary.

Only the tall and slim can wear to advantage and look well in the afternoon and evening frocks. Shorter and fuller figures can not hope to carry them off and will look like caricatures. Why not the happy medium becoming to all or most, not the extreme?

People should dress themselves according to their own individuality and what is appropriate rather than be governed by what is the mode. I trust that in this particular instance the American women will not be like the proverbial "Flock of Sheep."

LOUISE D. JOHNSON

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